

The Nation.

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The Week.

It is hard to say whether it would be better or worse for the Republicans to carry Maine in the September election by the usual majority. It is of considerable importance that Pennsylvania should be carried in October, and it is not to be denied that Pennsylvania is today a doubtful State. On the one hand, a decided Republican gain in Maine would make some needed Republican votes in Pennsylvania. On the other hand, a loss of some hundreds would set the Republicans of that State hard at work, and it is doubtless apathy, springing from confidence in the result, which is at present hurting their campaign. Nearly as bad a thing as a heavy Republican loss in Maine would be an average majority tending to confirm the Pennsylvanians in their sluggishness. In the two other great States of the middle tier which hold elections on the same day with Pennsylvania—Ohio and Indiana, namely—the prospect is decidedly better, reliable accounts from the latter State in particular making it seem sure that Mr. Hendricks is to be beaten as Governor, and that he will not get the legislature he wants to send him again to the Senate. Of course, if elected with a favorable legislature, he would not retain the governorship. Ohio is confidently claimed by the Democrats, but with little or no reason, and may be set down as certain to go for the Republicans. As to another point in the Fall campaign which is of general interest—the question whether or not the Massachusetts Republicans of the Fifth District will feel themselves strong enough to punish General Butler as the better sort of them wish—the prospect is apparently not favorable. General Butler, with what almost seems like a display of a military quality, when he removed from Lowell, hunting office, shrewdly selected out of all the Massachusetts Districts the one where the party happens to be the weakest in able men. Dr. Loring, an old fellow-democrat of Butler's—who may be described as a miniature copy of the old politicians of national reputation who made politics a trade, and a mean one, for the thirty years before the war, and who only became a Republican, if we are not mistaken, in 1864—is perhaps the most influential Republican in the District. With him it is rumored that Butler has made arrangements whereby Loring is to be governor and Butler is to keep his seat in the House. The *Tribune's* correspondents begin, we see, to speak of the fondness with which the "young and active Republicans" regard Loring, and of the certainty that Butler, whom the *Commonwealth* praises, will be triumphantly nominated and re-elected. It will, in fact, be necessary to beat him in caucus, we fear, if he is to be beaten at all. The thing has evidently been all arranged, and anybody who enjoys seeing the internal workings of the political machine will do well to read the papers mentioned above.

One of the latest reports about the campaign is that Mr. Seymour, who a month ago was very despondent, is now quite confident of his election, and that there prevails a similar buoyancy of spirit at the

Manhattan Club. We suspect, however, that there is little foundation for these pleasing anticipations to be found outside this city and Brooklyn, where the Republican prospects are certainly of the bluest—most of the old workers, being in despair, looking on with folded arms. In the West the Republican enthusiasm seems to be slowly boiling up; in the East there is a little too much confidence, and occasionally a rather alarming tendency to apathy. There is little of the usual bidding for votes. The Fenians have as yet had no offer made them. The discussion, as far as the Republicans are concerned, runs generally on the real points at issue. The success of the *La Crosse Democrat* is, on the other hand, a terrible indication of the amount of ignorance and lewdness which is still to be found in the Democratic ranks. The greenback controversy has during the week received a contribution from Vallandigham, who has indulged in a good deal of characteristic looseness and sophistry about it. Whether he "lies" and is a "villain," we are unable to say, but the New York *Tribune* makes both charges against him.

Mr. Evarts, contrary to the hopes of his enemies, and apparently to the chagrin of the ultra-Radicals, and certainly to Mr. Johnson's, has sent in an opinion deciding Mr. Rollins's resignation to be conditional, and therefore invalid, and that he is consequently still the lawful incumbent of the office. Mr. Rollins's retention of his place is a great gain for the service, whatever the merits of his complaints against his superiors may be, for he is unquestionably a worse foe of the ring than anybody who would be likely to succeed him.

Mr. T. W. Conway may not be in intention one of the most mischievous of the new residents of the South, but he would do well, we think, to let somebody else draft school-bills for the State of Louisiana. He, being now the State Superintendent of Education, has formed a new law, which it is supposed will pass, but which certainly, if the Republican majority in the Legislature has any sense left, will be defeated. One of the sections provides for the election of a State Superintendent, who is to appoint all his deputies and is to decide, without appeal, all controversies or disputes arising under the law. "It also invests him with other extraordinary powers." Another section provides for the compulsory attendance at school of every child between the ages of eight and fourteen years. The funds for supporting the system are to be drawn from a poll-tax and a special tax of one-fourth of one per cent. on all taxable property in the State. There is little fault, perhaps, to be found with any of these provisions—impoverished as Louisiana is—except those which give so much power to the Superintendent and leave none at all to the Board. But the section that makes the association of white and black children in the school-room a necessary prerequisite to any child's getting an education of any sort is mere folly, and will only result in keeping Louisiana longer in ignorance and making her class-prejudices more and more bitter. The new bill shows Mr. Conway to be an excellent friend to himself, perhaps, but no friend to Louisiana or to the colored people.

The *World* has come to richly-deserved grief in the matter of Grant's cotton stealing. The Brothers Mack have made affidavit to the effect that, in 1863, Grant's father gave them a letter introducing them to his son, then in command in Mississippi, and asking him to show the firm special favors. Grant, of course, refused, and expressed surprise that his father should have made such a request, gave the Macks a permit—the same as that given to other traders—and dismissed them with the remark that he should be glad to hear of their success. There is another story, however, which has not as yet called out any

affidavits, and the *World* might employ the same hand on it that has so long been kept so busy with Grant as a Cotton Thief. Once, not long after the corrupt bargain with the Macks had been made, and while the principal criminal of that affair was still in Mississippi, he and his staff paid a visit to the house of a Mrs. Cox. They directed her to prepare dinner for the party. Flattered by the presence of so distinguished a guest, the lady had her silver, which she had buried in the garden, dug up and put on the table in the General's honor. He stole a great part of it. Mrs. Grant and himself habitually use it in their house in Washington. The *La Crosse Democrat* is our authority for this story. As for the other candidates, not much is just now heard of their private life. Blair has reached a lower stage of drunkenness than we chronicled in our last week's paper. Once, when he was descending some river in a steamboat, he drank so hard that his friends were obliged to lay him out on the deck. One of them placed a lobster on his breast as he lay extended. When he awoke his terror was extreme. "Tremens!" says he; "my father always told me what it would come to." Most of the Republican stories, it is as well to note, either relate to the public life of the enemy, or are simple fun-making and chaff, as in the case of Blair's lobster. The Democrats, on the other hand, are disgracing journalism, and show very plainly that the South is once again open to journalistic enterprise and retains its old liking for scurrility and puerility.

The *Brooklyn Union*, which is usually a perspicacious paper, fell into a strange mistake last week in attributing the silence of the *Nation* about Thaddeus Stevens's death to our dislike of him. The real reason of our failure to mention him was the fact that the *Nation* was on the press when the news of his death came. We might, by straining a point, have announced that he was dead; but as the announcement would have reached our readers four days after the event, our making it would, in the present state of science, have been a sorry tribute to his memory. Let us take this opportunity of saying once more that our criticism of public men does not indicate personal hostility. It ought to be absurd for us to have to affirm this so often, but it seems that it is not. We do not conclude that a man whose political utterances we dislike is a bad man, and deserves, as a man, the hatred or contempt of good people. This kind of criticism is as common as it is ridiculous; but we beg the *Brooklyn Union* to take notice that nobody has reprobated it more strongly than we have. If John Howard were to appear on earth again, and maintain that a tax of two dollars a gallon could be collected on whiskey, or that you could keep inconvertible paper at par by penal legislation, we should at first modestly argue against him, and if he became obstreperous, moved the "previous question," called his opponents "copperheads" and "traitors," and we found that his labors in the prisons and his nursing the young lady in Crim Tartary were helping to spread his erroneous opinions on taxation and currency, we should use against him every honorable weapon within our reach, ridicule included; and we should, if he propounded his views nearly every day in the week, make a slighting reference to them as often as possible—that is to say, every Thursday morning. But if in the midst of all this, or after this, anybody should ask us what we thought of John Howard, we should speak of him in the highest terms within our reach, and should subscribe to a monument to him as freely as our means would permit.

The distinction we here make is, however, not one which many of Mr. Stevens's most ardent admirers recognize in their dealings with other public men. They first of all do what everybody has a right to do—fix on some measure or doctrine as essential to the national salvation—impeachment, for instance, or the bill making the agreement of two-thirds of the judges of the Supreme Court necessary to a decision. Concurrence with them on this point they then make an infallible test, not of a public man's learning, or clear-headedness, or sagacity, but of his moral worth, and, if he dissents, begin to denounce him, not simply as a blockhead or ignoramus, but as a villain. Trumbull and Fessenden were villains because they did not agree with the *Tribune* about impeachment; Evarts was a villain because he did not agree with the *Independent* touching the duties of counsel; he was a

double-dyed villain because the *Anti-Slavery Standard* thought he was going to give an opinion agreeable to the President (which he did not) on the Rollins case, and so on. On this plan of dealing with public men—which we heartily detest and abhor—we, having the same right as the *Tribune* and the *Independent* to choose our test of righteousness, might have treated Mr. Stevens as a perjured monster, steeped in iniquity, enriched by bribes, and playing the hypocrite in his old age. We, however, confined ourselves to occasionally denouncing his political economy, and to doing what we could, within the limits of decent discussion, to diminish the influence of opinions that we thought mischievous. Nevertheless, hardly a week passes that we do not find somebody dissolved in tears by the wayside over the *Nation's* treatment of Thaddeus Stevens; and in nine cases out of ten we find he is a person who rather enjoyed seeing Mr. Grimes compared to a "sick hedgehog in a travelling menagerie," or was not at all shocked when he read that one of the foremost Republican lawyers in America is a base and dishonored man because he defended "the greatest criminal of the age" before the "High Court," etc.

The South Carolinian Legislature has passed a bill putting the negroes of the State on a footing of equality, as regards admission to steamboats, railroad cars, and hotels. "There is, no doubt, reason in this, as regards public convenience. Nobody who chooses to set up as a common carrier has any right to select the persons whom he will carry, as long as they are well-behaved and pay their fare; but when we get to hotels, and look at the matter as "practical men," we find ourselves on delicate ground. There is probably no State in the Union in which whites, if left free to choose, would go to a hotel frequented by negroes. We are not now passing judgment on this matter—we are stating a fact. Now, it is not this fact itself that is regrettable, but the reason of it. A negro can get as good board and lodging in a house patronized only by persons of his own color as in a house patronized by whites; but as long as whites will not go to the same house with him, because they hate and despise him for his color, he suffers a real wrong and injustice. In seeking to remove this prejudice, the first thing to be done is not, it seems to us, to give the negro the right to force himself into every hostelry he finds open, no matter what may be the wishes of its inmates, because after he had got in, in this way, he and his race would not be better off, but worse—that is, more hated by the strongest portion of the population. The question for the legislature, therefore, is, not, How shall we get colored men into all taverns? but, How shall we abate the prejudice which now keeps them out of them? At the same time, it must be admitted that legislation may be necessary to prevent cases of real hardship, such as the denial of lodging to colored travellers in places in which there is only one inn, or in inns usually open to persons of color. But all legislation designed to promote even limited social equality is delicate work, and, if not very skillfully and cautiously done, may make even political equality impossible. Moreover, an act of this kind can never be enforced, and will, therefore, simply serve as an irritant for the whites. One negro might make his way into the Charleston Hotel, but if he did, he would have to be queerly constituted to find himself comfortable there; and the mass of negroes having their business to attend to, would sooner go to bed in hotels of their own, than spend their evening hours in painful contentions with an irate landlord.

The attack on Mr. Evarts, to which we have referred, in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, is a letter from Mr. Charles E. Moss, from Washington, on the 3d inst., announcing that "everybody knew" that Mr. Evarts's opinion would decide that Mr. Rollins had resigned, because everybody knew "that his master desired such an opinion, and would deprive him of his bread and butter should it be refused;" and the writer adds gracefully, and with the usual omniscience of the set to which he belongs, that Mr. Evarts "was selected for the Attorney-Generalship as the man above all others capable of making a respectable work of infamy." Mr. Evarts's opinion, however, has been given in Mr. Rollins's favor, and we shall now wait with some interest to see how Mr. Charles E. Moss and the *Anti-Slavery Standard* will treat it. We hold there are few better tests of a man's moral condition than his manner of dealing with charges made by himself, injurious to the

character, or peace, or comfort of a fellow-man, and proved to be untrue; and we are bound to say that although vituperation is to the school of politicians to which Mr. Moss belongs what the camel is to the Bedouin, the reindeer to the Laplander, or fat to the Esquimaux, we have never known a case, though we have watched them carefully for some time, in which any one of them has retracted or apologized, either voluntarily or on demand, or has ever returned a civil answer even to the remonstrances of his victims. If Mr. Moss does it in this instance, it will be a flagrant departure from the customs of his tribe. What makes its customs all the more repulsive is that it professes to act in a peculiar degree by the pure law of right, and to value "truth" and "justice" more than the common run of men value them.

Talk of the establishment of a United States protectorate for Mexico begins again to be heard—including, of course, a loan of money to Juarez and a "rectification" of our southern frontier. This is tantamount to an admission that Juarez is not fully master of the situation, and that what Mexico wanted was not, after all, simply to be let alone by foreigners. If Mexico cannot get on of herself, what becomes of M. Romero's assertion, at the banquet given him here before his departure, of the suitability of popular government for all races in all places and circumstances and degrees of culture? We feared at the time that Mexico would yet afford a striking illustration of the worthlessness of such generalizations, and the present talk of its friends seems to indicate that we shall not have long to wait for it.

Governor Geary's address to the people of Pennsylvania in honor of Thaddeus Stevens's memory, though good in the main, was marred by exaggerations, some of which we do not well know how to characterize, and on such an occasion it was well-nigh inexcusable. He said the State was indebted to Mr. Stevens for "its magnificent system of free schools, by which the children of the poor are enabled to reach a degree of cultivation *beyond which the wealthiest and most favored of other lands cannot go.*" Now, either Mr. Geary does not know to what degree of cultivation a wealthy and studious German, or Frenchman, or Englishman can attain, in which case he should not have made the comparison; or he does know, in which case he has made an assertion about the common schools of Pennsylvania which he is aware is ridiculously untrue. The fact is that the common schools of Pennsylvania are not so good as those of many of her Northern neighbors, and so far from affording a young person the means of surpassing the ablest students of foreign universities, they do not afford him the means of equalling an ordinarily successful pupil of the common schools of New York or Ohio; but this, of course, in no way lessens the credit due to Thaddeus Stevens.

The most important piece of news from England is that of the disturbances in Ireland, in which a strong body of police protecting a landlord in serving notices of ejectment was repulsed by the mob and the landlord killed. The affair looks serious, not because the mob cannot be and will not be easily crushed, but because the partial success of this outbreak is likely to lead to others, and because a general and united movement against the present land tenures would render their maintenance impossible. The tithes were put an end to by a process which is perfectly applicable to rents and tenancy-at-will—the general refusal of the population to pay them, accompanied by a general refusal to buy goods distrained for non-payment, and the following of the officers of the law by great hooting, howling crowds of "evil-disposed persons." There is a point up to which resistance of this sort on the part of the Irish to the existing land-laws would have the sympathy of English liberals, and to that point it might be good policy to carry it; but if the malcontents have any person or persons amongst them capable of directing such a movement, they are luckier than they have ever been heretofore. There is something practical about this which would make it odious to the Fenian leaders.

The question of securing married women the possession of their own property, under a general law, as in many of the States of the

Union, without any formal "settlement," is undergoing vigorous discussion in England, *apropos* of a bill introduced by Mr. Shaw Lefevre, a gentleman who travelled in this country three years ago. American testimony as to the working of the change has been freely used in the controversy; but the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which is the principal defender of the existing régime, meets this testimony by the insinuation that the standard by which Americans judge of the goodness of wives is different from, and lower than, the one in use in England, and that the results of the change in America, though considered good by Americans, would be thought bad, or only middling, by Englishmen. One point made by the opponents of the bill is, that the wife would, in a large number of cases—we are not quite sure that they do not say in the majority of cases—refuse to contribute to the support of the family, and spend her money on herself, while leaving the husband responsible for her debts. It is a pity that no statistics on this point could be collected in this country; the result would, we feel sure, be strongly disappointing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In fact, most of the English arguments against the change are based on the Hobbes doctrine, that selfishness in its lowest form is the great regulator of the social relations, and that, freedom of choice being given, men and women will, in the majority of cases, follow the lead of their worst instincts. If women who have money were generally disposed to use it as the *Gazette* fears they will, women without money would be unfit for marriage, and society would go to pieces. Unmitigated selfishness does not need the control of a fortune to display itself.

The queerest news of the day now always comes from France—much of it reading not unlike a chapter from Tacitus. For instance, what is there in the "Annals"—taking into account the difference in civilization between Imperial France and Imperial Rome—odder than this last story? M. Billault was once an Orleanist, then a Republican, and then an Imperialist, having long served the present Emperor in the Corps Législatif as no other man had ever served him, as Minister of State. M. Billault, during his ministership, quarrelled with an old friend of his democratic days, and immediately after the quarrel issued his warrant and had him locked up in an asylum as a dangerous lunatic, and here the unfortunate man remained till M. Billault's death, when he was unconditionally released. The affair was mentioned the other day in the Chamber, and then M. Rochefort took it up in his funny little weekly, the *Lanterne*, and, of course, made a piece of very unpleasant reading out of it for the Government. The minister then sent him an official explanation, and required him to publish it in his paper according to law; but the explanation was forty pages long, and the *Lanterne* only contained sixty. This, M. Rochefort said, amounted to confiscation, and refused to publish it, and he has been prosecuted for refusing, and condemned to a year's imprisonment and a fine of \$2,000. All this occurs, too, in the France which could not bear Charles X., or even Louis Philippe, and looks back on the *lettres de cachet* as one of the horrors of the past.

Recent elections in Würtemberg show that the unification movement is making progress in South Germany. The national party has elected ten members of the chamber, in spite of the active hostility of the Government, which frankly acknowledges itself beaten, and announces that the aim of its policy is to make closer the union between North and South Germany. Austria in the meantime has been making a vigorous effort to rouse some German feeling in her own behalf, by having a great Schützenfest at Vienna; but, on the other hand, the real power passes more and more into the hands of the Hungarians and Croats, and the more it does, the more the Germans of the old Duchy are likely to feel their separation from the main body. The command of the Hungarian contingent of the army is henceforward to be exclusively in the hands of Hungarian officers. Prussia is gradually getting into a snarl with Italy, *apropos* of the La Marmora revelations about the Prussian plan of campaign, and the tone of the Prussian press is not likely to heal the breach. Prussia has many virtues, but a conciliatory demeanor is not one of them; and the Italians, in the character of a worsted ally and *protégé*, will probably retain, when all is over, a most unsavory recollection of the effect of *Geist* on manners.

THE NEXT STEP IN RECONSTRUCTION.

THERE is, of course, a good deal of allowance to be made in every canvass for buncombe and exaggeration in estimating the amount of weight which ought to be attached to campaign speeches; and although Southern orators could not complain if we took literally all they are just now saying, probably very few people do take it literally. It is most likely that neither Blair, Wade Hampton, nor Forrest feels nearly as valorous or as bloodthirsty as he talks. If they did, they would not only belie all our past experience of Southern speeches, but of all campaign speeches. If campaign orators really went through all the emotions they describe themselves as going through, few of them would ever witness the Presidential election. There are limits to human endurance; and if speakers usually found—like General Battle, the other day, at Mobile—that “no language could express the emotions that swelled their bosoms,” there would be a grave beside every stump. But there is little doubt that, though Southern politicians do not mean as much mischief as their words, taken literally, would indicate, they mean a good deal of mischief. There is good reason for believing that they do not intend to be very scrupulous about the use of intimidation as a means of influencing the coming election. They are busy getting up a “Conservative party” amongst the negroes by moral suasion, and any negro who is convinced by their arguments that the Southern planters are his best friends, they appear to be receiving into their ranks with a good deal of cordiality. But then, it would be a mistake to suppose that they give up as hopeless cases those negroes who are not convinced by their arguments. For them they are providing a simple and efficient system of social persecution, by which, in some parts of the country at least, any negro who is not armed with a card, issued by a white committee, testifying to his “soundness,” will not receive employment in any capacity. But there will, of course, be a large number of cases in which both the moral suasion and the denial of employment will prove ineffectual; and the great question of Southern politics now is, how will these and the white Unionists—“the carpet-baggers” and “scallawags”—be dealt with on the first Tuesday in November next? We suspect roughly. We doubt very much whether, in a large number of districts in the South, voting the Radical ticket at the polls will not be a service of much difficulty and great personal danger.

Now, this ought not to be. If all we have heard during the last year or two of the “regeneration” of the Southern States through the adoption of the new constitutions and the readmission of their members to Congress has been true, there ought to be no more ground for anxiety about the elections in Georgia and Alabama than about the elections in New York or Connecticut. But it was not true, or true only in a Pickwickian sense. Southern society remains in the States which are in the Union exactly what it is in the States which are out of the Union. The loyal portion of the population are represented in Congress, which is all very well so far as it goes; but the disloyal portion is no smaller, and no less fierce and bitter than it has ever been. What we have gained by reconstruction is, that the government of the restored State has been handed back to those of its own people who are fit to be trusted with it, and that the negroes are being familiarized with the duties of political life. But the tie which binds the State to the Union has not been really strengthened, nor have the normal guarantees of social order. No shifting of the power from one hand to another, no distribution of the franchise, no administration of oaths, will do this. Nothing will do it but the growth of new habits on the part of the people. A State is made peaceful and prosperous, not by the appearance of a certain number of gentlemen in black broadcloth in certain seats in the House and Senate, and the accession of Jones, in place of Brown, to the governorship or shrievalty, but by the acquisition by the mass of the people of certain ways of looking at life, and their adoption of certain standards of propriety for the regulation of their conduct. If the mass of men in South Carolina had the same notions of the objects of living, and of the difference between vice and virtue, comfort and discomfort, as the mass of men in Massachusetts, even though their views about the rebellion were substantially what they are now, you might safely let them send Hampton and Forrest, or anybody else they pleased, to Congress, and let everybody vote without any test oath or

other restriction. A man might approve of the rebellion most heartily, but if he had a sincere respect for the law, or, at all events, a hearty horror for violence and outrage, he would prove a very good citizen, and discussion might fairly be relied on to cure his political heresies. But the mass of men in most Southern States are not in this condition, or in any thing like it, and therefore it is that what we call “reconstruction”—that is, the restoration of civil government in the Southern States, and the reappearance of their members in Congress—instead of being the “regeneration” of Southern society, is only one of the various agencies by which that regeneration is to be effected.

The foremost amongst them, we say still, as we have frequently said during the past two years, and we say it now more confidently than we have ever said it before, are time and order. What does most to make the spectacle of the political equality of the negroes odious to Southerners is what made the spectacle of negro freedom odious to them—want of familiarity with it. What makes it so hard for them to have negroes vote is their never having seen them vote. What makes it so hard for them to keep their knives out of negro ribs, and their pistols away from negro heads, is the fact that outrages on colored people, or, in fact, on any people, are not associated in their minds, as they are in the minds of the members of more civilized communities, with legal punishment. It is, therefore, in the highest degree important—no matter who represents the South in Congress—that the State governments should be in the hands of persons who will use their powers to give security to all classes, and that there should be an administration at Washington which may be counted on to uphold these governments in case of necessity. Put Seymour and Blair in power, and the process of undoing at the South at once begins; the rule of the strong hand is restored, and we are just as far from real reconstruction as ever—in fact, farther than ever—for the beneficent effects of the last three years of military rule would be lost. The idea of respect for the law, as something higher and stronger than the feelings of the local mob, which has been slowly taking root in the Southern mind, would be torn up and cast out, and we should be worse off than ever. To govern the South militarily so long is the best thing that the Republican party has done next to emancipation, and if it could, with a due regard to the interests of the whole country, which we admit it cannot, keep it under military rule for four years more, it would be rendering the South the highest service that it can receive through any human agency. Unless the machinery of government the party has set up there, however, can be kept going for some years longer—unless, in short, the South can be governed by law, and not, as in times past, by the passions and prejudices of the most passionate and most prejudiced of the most turbulent community in the world, reconstruction will prove a complete farce. The South of 1869 will be the South of 1860, minus so many men killed, so much property destroyed, and the destruction of legal slavery.

The danger of a Democratic triumph, too, does not lie in the fact that Seymour is this kind of man, or Blair that kind of man, but that the party which elects them has ceased to be a party of progress or reform. This has been often said of it of late; but it is usually said, and most loudly said, with special reference simply to its opposition to the removal of negro disabilities, and the charge therefore makes less impression on the public mind than it ought. The fact is that it is the enemy of all useful changes or ameliorations in the government. Judicial purity, administrative efficiency, popular education, the sense of corporate honor, the strict administration of justice, and, in fact, all restraints on the evil tendencies of society, in whatever direction, have no worse enemy. In fact, the only principle it can be said to hold firmly and preach persistently is that liberty is not a means but an end, and that as long as a man can do what he pleases, what it pleases him to do is of little or no consequence—a doctrine as hostile to social and political progress as any that ever was preached. It is in this fact, indeed, that the gravity of the present crisis lies. Usually, an opposition has the other half of a political and social truth in its possession, and while pursuing the same great ends as the party in power, advocates the use of different agencies, and has at its head men who, whether right-headed or wrong-headed, are sincerely wedded to ideas, and stand as high morally as their opponents. The peculi-

arity of the Democratic party is—and the history of the last seven years justifies us in saying this—that its sole principle is hostility to the men in power, so that if the Republicans hit on a plan of adding twenty healthy, happy years to human life, the Democrats would devote themselves to persuading the public that the boon, coming from such hands, was worthless. There is probably nothing in political history equal to the speeches of the Brookses, Vallandighams, and Seymours, since 1861, for emptiness of everything but negation and invective; and the readiness the Democratic members of the House invariably show to vote *en masse* with any Republican, on any subject, who sets himself up in opposition to the rest of his party, is a striking illustration of their childishness and the imbecility of their tactics. Their accession to office, therefore, for the government of any community, would be a great misfortune—much more for a community in so disturbed and critical condition as this.

THE PROBABLE SOLUTION OF THE GREENBACK CONTROVERSY.

WHILE the country is agitated with the discussion of "the greenback question," meaning thereby the question of repudiation, no one appears to notice the very important fact that another "greenback question," vitally affecting this controversy, and bearing directly upon the business interests of the whole country, is now under consideration in the highest court of the land, and that within a short time we may hear of a judicial decision which will compel the Pendletons and Butlers to take their choice between the full payment and the total repudiation of the public debt. Yet this fact is well known; and, although the judges have said little or nothing, there is very little doubt among those who know their habit of mind as to what their decision will be. It is the firm conviction of every one who has any means of foreseeing the result, that the Supreme Court will declare the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional.

The reasons for such an expectation are obvious to any one even slightly familiar with law and politics. No judge of a State Court, adhering to the Democratic party, has acknowledged the validity of the Act, while several prominent Republican judges have denied it. It is manifest from the written opinions of those judges who affirmed the constitutionality of the statute, that they did so under the pressure of a supposed necessity, and that they found great difficulty in reaching that conclusion. The period of necessity has passed. The real interest of the country plainly demands a different decision, and in so far as the judges may be affected by feeling, it is more likely to lead them to overthrow the statute than to imbue them with a desire to maintain it. There are eight judges, four of whom are unquestionably allied to the Democratic party, and two others are understood to have leaned toward it for some time past. We think there can be no doubt that Messrs. Nelson, Grier, Clifford, and Field believe the Legal Tender Act to be invalid; and it was a matter of common rumor at Washington last spring that Chief-Justice Chase was disposed to take the same view. We think that Judge Davis will; and we should not be surprised if the court were unanimous.

It is easy to see that such a decision would scatter to the winds all the ingenious schemes that have been devised for pretending to pay the public debt without really paying any of it. As Congress is not restrained from passing laws impairing the obligation of contracts, the legal tender clause of the Act of 1862, if declared unconstitutional at all, must be held void as to future contracts as well as in respect to past ones. It cannot fall on account of its retrospective operation, and must therefore fall as a whole. It follows that the holders of the five-twenties, and, in fact, of every species of claim against the Government, would have an absolute legal right to payment in gold. The holders of greenbacks and other obligations of the Government not bearing interest would, of course, have no means of enforcing their claims at once; but the holders of interest-bearing bonds would have such a plain right to the payment of interest until the Government was ready to pay the principal in gold, that their claims could not be evaded without unequivocal, undisguised repudiation. Honest men would then get face to face with political Jeremy Diddlers; and we should have no more palliation of fraud by reference to "the letter of the law."

But there is another result certain to follow this judgment, and not so agreeable to contemplate. The decision which we predict will involve a forced and sudden return to specie payments among private citizens. The injustice which was suffered by creditors in 1862 and 1863, when debts contracted in gold were paid off in depreciated paper, will now be inflicted upon debtors, who must pay in gold debts contracted in paper. In the majority of cases, such payment will not be exacted, because paper will continue to constitute the actual currency, and gold will be paid only upon legal compulsion; but debts secured by good mortgages will be largely collected in gold, unless the courts feel at liberty to go behind the technical word "money," and inquire what the parties really meant when the bond was drawn. In any event, the decision which we anticipate must seriously unsettle business for a time, and produce some hardship; yet we believe that its ultimate benefits will far outweigh its temporary disadvantages. The existing system is demoralizing the nation; and scarcely any price is too dear to pay for the sake of getting back to solid bottom. Congress will, we fear, never dare to return to a specie basis; and our only hope is in the severe remedy of a judicial decision.

The Senate, foreseeing this event, twice passed a bill allowing contracts to be made for payment in gold; but the House of Representatives, with its usual shortsightedness, refused to concur. The passage of such a measure would have enabled the community to anticipate and avoid the evil results of a sudden return to specie payments. As matters stand, it is difficult, but not quite impossible to do so. The courts are more disposed now than they were during the war to enforce specie contracts; and with a little care such contracts may be drawn so as to protect all parties. We should advise all who have large sums to pay after next winter, and who expect to pay in full, to consider well the form of their obligation, and either to secure the right of paying in greenbacks or to agree to pay in gold of specified weight and fineness the equivalent of what they have received. Nevertheless, it must be distinctly understood that all our warning is founded upon surmise, and that no one must blame us if our predictions are not fulfilled. The Legal Tender Act may be fully sustained. Every one must forecast for himself. But our belief and expectation are as we have set forth, and in calling the attention of the public to the possibilities of the case, we have done all our duty.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

MR. STEVENS cannot be said to have so associated himself with any public measure or series of measures as to make it a memorial of him personally and peculiarly, except the school system of Pennsylvania. He was not, strictly speaking, the founder of this; but he did what was, perhaps, harder than founding it—he saved it from the attacks of the friends of ignorance, and made it the means of raising Pennsylvania from darkness into light, and of furnishing her material industry with the only sure basis, that of popular intelligence. This alone, of course, gave him a fair title not only to fame, but to the gratitude of posterity, but it would hardly have sufficed to make him much known outside the boundaries of his own State. Coupled with his personal popularity, however—which his habit of living in public and the extraordinary kindness of his nature made unusually great—it enabled him to enter Congress with an amount of hearty confidence from his constituency such as few representatives ever enjoy. This confidence he never lost, and it made his re-election so sure that he became one of the oldest and most experienced members of the House, and its readiest and shrewdest tactician. Other constituencies might well learn a valuable lesson from the course pursued by him—the lesson that, when they have got a good man to represent them in Congress, the very best thing they can do is to keep him, and that in keeping him they not only increase his value to the country, but increase their own influence on national affairs.

His earlier Congressional record appears to have been simply that of a hard worker in committee-rooms. His attention, like that of all other politicians, statesmen, or philanthropists, was absorbed in the slavery question as the great, and, in fact, the only, question of the day, and to the agitation of this he brought almost unequalled ardor and enthusiasm, a shrewd wit and bitter tongue, such as few of the

other anti-slavery men possessed. Moreover, he had the great virtue of thinking more of his subject than of himself. No public man was less of an egotist. His personality was completely swallowed up in his convictions, and about the nature of these he never left the slightest room for doubt. There were few men of his day to whom the colored race owed more—few men, we might almost say, to whom the poor and needy owed more. His usefulness continued unabated through the war. It reached its highest point, perhaps, in the second year of the war. What was wanted then was men who did not doubt or hesitate, and to whom the issue was certain—not through a calculation of the material chances of the struggle, but through moral faith—and Mr. Stevens was one of these. He was one of the first to perceive the legal effect of the blockade of the Southern ports. He was not for one moment deceived into supposing that it could be upheld as a measure of municipal police. He held that it was a virtual concession of belligerent rights, and from this concession he extracted the inference that the Southerners were henceforward alien enemies, entitled to whatever rights they could make good at the point of the sword, and to nothing more. In this way he cleared the ground for the curious experiments in reconstructive legislation which he afterwards brought to the notice of Congress, and for the success of which, of course, freedom from constitutional restrictions was absolutely necessary. He urged Mr. Lincoln into the issue of the emancipation proclamation under this theory, and pushed forward every war measure with extraordinary vigor and tenacity, and with the authority of long parliamentary experience, of a perfect mastery of parliamentary tactics, and of withering scorn for everybody who had the misfortune to differ with him.

The anti-slavery agitation was, however, essentially a destructive agitation. It had in view the breaking down of old prejudices, of well-established social and political theories, and of legislation created for the support of them. The business of the agitator was to keep the hammer constantly going, and the bump of reverence compressed. In this kind of work Mr. Stevens was a master, but the minute the burden of reconstruction, or of working the complicated machinery of government, was imposed on him, he failed utterly. The first symptom of his incompetency in this direction was afforded by his famous bill attempting to make greenbacks equal in value to gold by making it penal to buy or sell gold at a premium. To say that this showed simply ignorance of political economy does not tell the whole truth. The laws of political economy are in large part the laws of human nature, and ignorance of them is a sign that a man has not considered, as every legislator is bound to do, the nature of the motives by which the mass of men are guided in the ordinary transactions of life, and consequently, the extent to which the force of these motives can be increased or diminished by legislation. His scheme, "mild confiscation," by which he proposed to pay off the national debt and provide farms for the negroes, displayed the same mental defects; and foremost among these was a total want of imagination, the absence or presence of which often makes all the difference between a lawyer or statistician and a statesman. No man is fit to conceive legislation who has not the power of putting himself in the position of those for whom he legislates, and of following out his measures to their remote consequences. Of this Mr. Stevens was apparently completely incapable. His defence of his gold bill made plain, too, his inability to digest history, and he rarely showed in his speeches much sign of intelligent reading of it. This was curiously illustrated in a conversation with him reported in the *Tribune* of August 14, where he discovers a parallel between Charles I. and Andrew Johnson, and evidently thinks lessons for the guidance of the Fortieth Congress may be found in the history of the Long Parliament, overlooking altogether the essential fact of Charles's case—that he was irremovable except by death. Had he been, as Johnson was, removable by the popular vote at the end of two years, he would undoubtedly never have been tried, and the Long Parliament would not have furnished the shadow of a precedent to the Congress which impeached Johnson.

Upon reconstruction Mr. Stevens's influence was in many respects very unfavorable. He did good service in pushing Congress to the position which it finally took up, but his two theories of conquest and

of the omnipotence of legislation over human conduct, combined with his natural restlessness, led him into constant efforts to overdo, and to pile bill on bill, and resolution on resolution, thus shaking the confidence of the South in the good faith of Congress, and the confidence of the North in its sagacity. His position, too, as Chairman of the Committee on Reconstruction gave him an amount of control over legislation which his failing health, as well as his natural defects, made very unfortunate. The crisis was so serious that it was undoubtedly the duty of his political friends to have formally put him aside. The effect even of his nominal leadership on the public mind was prejudicial to the party and to the country, and it was made more so by the theory on which most of the party papers acted, that his past services and his high personal character entitled his political opinions and acts to exemption from criticism. There could not have been a more mischievous mistake. Whenever the greatness of a man's past increases the weight of his authority, the duty of withstanding him face to face, when his aberrations from sound principles become glaring, is doubly imperative. Of his share in the impeachment business we have said so much recently, that we shall say nothing now. For whatever was reprehensible in his course then, the party was more to blame than he. If the stories some members of it told of his mental and bodily condition were true, and their estimate of the importance of the process was a just one, their putting him among the managers, and "crowding round" the clerk's desk to listen to lectures from him on the law and ethics of the matter, was a most objectionable mode of testifying their respect for him.

His greatest value, after all, lay in his character as a man, and his eminence in that character nobody can deny. A manlier man never sat in the House. He had what Congressmen so often want—a conscience of his own, opinions of his own, and a will of his own, and he never flinched from the duty of asserting them. When one sees the eagerness of hosts of his colleagues to repudiate their own individuality, their readiness to take up the last popular cry, the neutral tint of all that they say and do, and the utter want of basis either in their mind or temperament for much of their political course, one's admiration for Stevens, who never was cowed, and never retreated, and never considered what was "safe," can hardly help being hearty. No political puppet or intriguer could look at him without envy, and nobody who believes as we do, that the dignity, force, and independence of individual character are of more importance to the state than even wisdom in legislation, can deny that he deserved well of his country and of his age. Any young politician who proposes to get on in the world by being a cowardly sneak, as thousands of young politicians do, cannot help profiting by the study of his life. He will see by it that, even under the shadow of an irresistible popular will, the road to the highest success lies through courage and self-assertion, and not through base compliance. The tenderness, too, with which the old man's heart overflowed, even in the last evil hours of his long career, for all whom kinship, sorrow, or suffering gave a claim on his sympathy or pity, must, as long as his memory lives, secure for him the indulgence which has been solemnly promised to those who have loved much.

FRENCH CANADA.

II.

ALTHOUGH there has been until now no system of popular education amongst the French Canadians, and though the priests have done little or nothing to make up for the want of it, and although the feudal tenures and feudal organization of society may be said to have held their own down to 1837, colonial life, with its usual concomitants of good food, good clothing, security, and the absence of class feeling, and exemption in a great degree from the blighting influence of feudal traditions, have raised the bulk of the people, both physically and morally, far above the peasantry of France. The French race in the New World certainly weighs more and stands higher in its stockings than the French race in the Old World, though of course the question might be raised whether this was not due rather to the fact that the original settlers were picked men than to the influence of the new soil and climate on their descendants, or whether Frenchmen, as has been often asserted, have not dwindled greatly in size under the influence of the wars of Louis XIV. and of the first Napoleon. The famines of the earlier years of the eighteenth century, and the relegation, during the

earlier years of this one, of the task of perpetuating the population to the halt, the lame, and the blind, owing to the insatiate demands of the army on the able-bodied, no doubt have done much to lower the French stature, and something, no doubt, also to mar the regularity of French features. At all events, their Canadian cousins are now vastly better-looking men and women. One who is at all familiar with the appearance of the French peasantry at home, or even with the appearance of the French army, which contains the flower of the peasantry, cannot go very far along the Lower St. Lawrence without asking himself whether the good-sized people with the well-cut faces whom he meets are really Frenchmen and Frenchwomen.

If what we were told be true, they are, however, not only bigger and handsomer than their cousins, but better, more intelligent, and more moral. In spite of their piety, they do not keep up the supply of priests needed even for their own education—a circumstance for which one gentleman accounted to us by the startling assertion that celibacy was more repugnant to them than to Frenchmen. Consequently, drafts have from time to time to be made on the French clergy, but the French priests are rarely put in charge of country parishes. They are kept for service in the large towns, and in schools and colleges, nearly every case in which the experiment has been made of sending them out amongst the peasantry having proved a total failure. In the first place, their manners are found by the country folk intolerable. Priest-ridden and seigneur-ridden though he has been, the free air of the wilderness has given the Canadian a dignity and self-respect in which the French peasant, in spite of the Revolution, is still wanting. The former will not, in short, allow the priest to treat him as a clodhopper and ignoramus. Moreover, the preaching of the French priests has proved as offensive as their pastoral demeanor. In country parishes in France, they communicate moral instruction from the pulpit, and descend into the particulars of immorality with startling plainness and simplicity. In the few cases in which they have been permitted to try this style of instruction on the Canadians, it created such an uproar that they had to be recalled, and the country curés are now almost invariably natives. They are generally well-educated, and often polished men; they still levy tithes by law, the rights and privileges of the Catholic Church having been reserved by the treaty of cession; are consequently well paid, keep a good table, are well housed, and if they suffer from want of society, have, *per contra*, the satisfaction which results from being the chief men of a comfortable and very religious community.

Some idea of the sums they extract from their flocks for religious purposes may be formed from the size and costliness of the churches, which are generally, judged by the American standard, amazingly out of proportion to the means and numbers of the worshippers. In New England, one rarely finds, out of the large towns, churches of half the size, or costing half as much, as one is almost sure to meet with in the smallest Canadian village. We found in perhaps the poorest parish in the province, which for eight months of the year has no means of communication with the civilized world without a four days' journey through the wilderness, a lofty stone church, 150 feet long by 75 broad, with a large vestry in the rear. The number of families which can reach it in winter, in fine weather, does not, we were assured, exceed 300. The only country church in New England, in fact, which we have happened to see, which can compare in size, cost, and material to great numbers of country churches in Canada, is that at Greenwich, Connecticut.

One can, of course, readily give a dozen reasons why Americans and Englishmen continue to speak the same language in much the same way, though it is over two centuries since they separated. Their literary and religious and commercial intercourse would alone have prevented any very serious divergence from the common standard, even if the intellectual activity of the colonists and their attention to literature and oratory, at least in the Northern States, had not been as great as it has been. But that Canadians and Frenchmen should speak the same language in much the same way, after two centuries of separation, one can hardly help regarding with surprise, considering how small the amount of intercourse which was at any time carried on between them, how completely it has ceased since the fall of Quebec, and how small and how sluggish the educated class in Lower Canada has always been. And yet the Canadian peasantry—for peasantry they are—speak not only very good French, but they all speak the same French. The French priests, when they come out, are astonished to find that, wherever they go, they never come upon a trace of *patois*. The original settlers were mainly Normans and Bretons; but no trace of mixed origin is to be discovered in the language of their descendants. The accent of the country people is, of course, rude, and they use plenty of words unknown to Frenchmen, called into existence by the wants of

colonial life; but there is probably no part of France in which a foreigner will find so little difficulty in understanding and in making himself understood by the farmers as in Canada. Of intonation it hardly becomes a foreigner to judge; but we received abundance of good testimony to the effect that though Canadian speaking was much more monotonous than that of Frenchmen, the cadences were the same in character, though generally less marked. Some ways of using the voice with which one becomes very familiar in France, but which are impossible to describe on paper, produce a strange and almost startling effect when heard in a Canadian village or wood-path. We were told by a young man who had studied in Paris that he surprised and delighted some of the lovers of the older French poetry in that city by producing and singing as common village songs, with which he had been familiar from childhood, songs which for the last century have been only known in France to literary antiquaries.

Oaths are always a delicate subject, but that they are not an utterly despicable subject a social philosopher may readily satisfy himself. There are very few well-established oaths that do not tell something worth knowing of the people who use them. They may be divided into two great classes. Oaths belonging to the first connote a belief in a future state and in a system of rewards and punishments after death; oaths belonging to the second class connote looseness of manners and disbelief in female virtue. The oaths of nearly all northern nations are of the first class; the oaths of Oriental nations mostly belong to the second; while, curiously enough, the great oath of the Hungarians, with which everybody who has heard much Magyar spoken is doubtless familiar, may be said to be a horrible mixture of both, the Hungarians being an Oriental race Christianized. The disguises in which old oaths are frequently found are often amongst the most curious of the many ways in which people show the effects of early religious training and of a social atmosphere strongly pervaded by religious feeling, or even of sensitiveness about the *convenances*. The most brutal and unblushing swearers in the world are the English and Americans. In many parts of the North, however, oaths are a good deal disguised, as in the former's "swan," and "swow," and "dun," and "gosh," and in Ireland some of the earlier English oaths, which have been long extinct in England, are preserved in such phrases as "blood an' 'ouns" or "blood an' oundhers." In France variety in oaths is almost gone, though in such phrases as "ventre-bleu" the remains of some primitive Norman swearing may be detected. But there is one French oath in disguise which everybody who has passed a night in a French camp will remember as almost invariably the first sound which fell on his waking ear, coming through the canvas from the lusty throats of grooms and cooks, "Sacré nom d'un chien." We have always supposed it to be a device of comparatively recent origin, dating probably from the First Empire or at all events from the latter days of the Revolution. There is nothing of the grace or wit of the *ancien régime* about it, and it is very difficult to say from internal evidence whether it is the composition of a worshipper of the goddess Reason or of a Christian who retained traces of an earlier respect for the proprieties of the tongue. But our doubts were set at rest by hearing it in a remote Canadian village from the lips of a very old man who was in a great rage with one of his neighbors about some eggs. There it was with the same emphasis on "nom," the same dropping of the voice at "chien," with which one is familiar in France, and yet the old man was of the old Canadian stock, and had probably never seen a Frenchman in his life.

The French Canadians, instead of declining before the Anglo-Saxons, gain on them rapidly, and bid fair before many years to have the lower province almost entirely to themselves. There is a Scotch colony on the Lower St. Lawrence, of not very ancient date, from which every trace of Scotch origin has disappeared, and in which French only is spoken. Wherever Canadians intermarry with the English or Scotch, the Canadians, owing to their greater religious tenacity, almost invariably succeed in bringing up the children as Catholics; and the children being Catholics, they naturally consort with the French, and are soon absorbed by them. Moreover, commerce is deserting Lower Canada. Quebec is a declining city; and there are few things more melancholy to the eye of "enterprise" than the almost complete absence of ships from the magnificent expanse of water which connects the port with the sea. Even the lumber trade has moved up to Ottawa. The English and Scotch, of course, will not stay in a place which commerce is deserting, and the Canadians, who are still content with their small farms and retail stores, move in and fill their places—and we suspect are not sorry to be rid of the others and their restlessness and heresy.

The number of Irish who have got a foothold in the province is small, and the inhabitants, in spite of their Catholicism, detest them for their tur-

bulence and love of politics. The French lawyer whom we have already mentioned spoke of them with great bitterness as a kind of scourge. He said they were "lancés sur l'humanité comme des loups." In his own town of five thousand inhabitants, he said there were only twelve Irishmen. "Figurez vous, monsieur," he said with great earnestness, taking us by the button-hole—"seulement douze;" and yet one of them had got to be mayor, in the way with which we are so familiar in New York. He kept a grocery, and bought up "the people"—that is, the poor Canadians—partly in money and partly in groceries. The Anglo-Saxon race has rendered incalculable service to the cause of civil and religious liberty; but it has committed the two greatest crimes of history—worse crimes by far than Caesar's slaughter of the Gauls—in the elaborate legal degradation of the Irish and the negroes; and there is something comic as well as striking in the way in which retributive justice is being dealt out upon it both in the New and Old World, by the conversion of the descendants of the victims into a political and social thorn of the first magnitude, from which there appears to be no escape. The rage of the Irish for political offices is one of the most curious phenomena in history, and is a really unprecedented result of extraordinary and long-continued oppression; but it is certainly rather hard that the French Canadians should suffer from it.

The latter will probably preserve their language and manners intact till the whole country is annexed to the United States. Both will probably then disappear rapidly before the terrible solvent of American ideas and institutions. With them will disappear the last relic of Old France, and probably, outside the Tyrol, the purest and simplest, most prosperous and most pious Catholic community on the globe.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 31, 1868.

EVERYTHING gives signs of the approaching holidays. The Ministers have performed their solemn annual ceremony of dining off whitebait, and have blown their trumpets more emphatically in public dinners at the city. Parliament has dwindled to a small body of virtuous members who remain at their post in spite of the hot weather, and wrangle more pertinaciously, and with even less temper, than in the whole previous session. Every one is glad because of their departure, and the summer migration has fairly set in. The railways are crowded, and considerably less than three millions of people are left in London. They would doubtless feel it dull in their comparative solitude were it not for the patriotic efforts of newspaper editors. Now is the time for those energetic gentlemen to start what, in the language of the chase, would be called their bag-foxes. Every editor keeps a stock of those useful animals, and when no game is to be found in the regular beats he lets one of them loose to make sport for the multitude. Thus, for example, the *Daily Telegraph* has contrived to get up a tremendous discussion on that most perennial of topics, the comparison between celibacy and marriage. Its columns fairly overflow with the enormous quantity of correspondence addressed to it by persons who appear to have a *bonâ fide* belief that they can settle the matter off-hand, and lay down, for the first time in history, a distinct moral code showing when a man ought to marry and when he ought not. The peculiar social stratum for which the *Daily Telegraph* is written delights in extremely fine language and a great deal of commonplace morality. In spite of the lavish expenditure of brilliant epigrams in the leaders, and of excited sentiment in the correspondence, I do not think that any results have been obtained of sufficient interest or novelty to justify transmission across the Atlantic. I may remark, in passing, that an important change has recently taken place in English journalism, which threatens to interfere with the influence exercised by the "Penny Thunderer"—to give the *Telegraph* its fittest title. The *Daily News*—a paper which has long had a very high reputation for its thorough liberalism and for its commercial independence—has lowered its price to a penny, and I am glad to hear that the experiment of providing really good matter at that price seems likely to be successful. The other penny papers, the *Star* and the *Standard*, may pair off on opposite sides as rabid and unscrupulous defenders of the extreme parties. They are very little credit to their supporters. The *Times* and the *Post* are now left alone as high-priced daily papers. How long the *Times* will be able to maintain its place, and to charge three times as much as its rival, is doubtful. The *Post*, which has a very small circulation, and lives chiefly by reporting fashionable intelligence, depends upon a different class of clients. But the influence which the *Times* once wielded, as representing English opinion almost alone, has received some severe blows, and its humble imitator, the *Telegraph*, will now have an effective rival in the *Daily News*.

To return to the great marriage controversy, it may be said that it is

merely the manifestation of a movement which daily excites keener interest. Women's rights and women's wrongs are becoming prominent matters of discussion in many quarters. Women have already been admitted on the register of voters in one constituency, and it seems not impossible that the legal position which they assert has more claims to validity than was at first believed. One of the last acts of the dying Parliament was to appoint a select committee to enquire into the laws affecting the property of married women. A very lively discussion arose in the *Pall Mall Gazette* upon this topic. A powerful writer, to whom a great part of the influence of the paper is unquestionably due, asserted that Parliament had dealt with the subject with disgraceful levity; that it had acted upon no fixed principles, and proposed a sweeping alteration in the law without the faintest forethought as to the consequences. He wound up by declaring that the only sound theory was that a family should be in the nature of a monarchy, in which the husband was king, and that the simple fact must be recognized that men were stronger than women, mentally, morally, and physically; in short, in every way in which one human being could be stronger than another. Great was the indignation at this round assertion amongst all classes of women, and one after another rushed into the controversy. The most prominent combatant was Miss Taylor, the step-daughter of Mr. John S. Mill, who seems to have assimilated many of Mr. Mill's ideas and something of his style. The battle was well fought on both sides, though I think, as is usual in such cases, the most conspicuous result was the absence of any appropriate experience on the subject. The committee appointed by Parliament have just issued their report. Without speaking decisively, they rely very much upon the evidence received from the United States and Canada. In England, as you are aware, we still have the old common law, by which a woman's property is vested entirely in her husband; and in the case of poor people, undefended by settlements, this undoubtedly leads to many considerable hardships. A drunken husband often enough lives by plundering his wife periodically of her earnings. According to the evidence received, the change of law in New York, Massachusetts, and elsewhere is said to have given universal satisfaction; and we are recommended, after taking certain precautions in respect to the working of the law, to move in the same direction. If any of your readers can throw any light upon the subject, they may encourage our Parliament in a reform or deter it from a blunder.

But it is plain that this and other questions are rapidly becoming more prominent. The other side of the question has been taken in a series of articles in the *Saturday Review*, which have gained unusual notoriety. They have been attributed to a great number of people, though, I think, the evidence is in favor of female authorship. The lady, if such she is, reviles her sex, as at present existing in England, with extraordinary virulence and pertinacity. She says that they paint themselves, and are almost openly indelicate in their manners; that they are either fast, frivolous, and horsey, or make ludicrous attempts to rival masculine thought; that most of them have for their one object in life the making of a rich marriage for themselves or their daughters; and that none of them are fitted for domestic life. The moral is, let our wives and daughters take to cookery and mending our shirt-collars, and give up attempting to think, and still more retire from what it is proper to call the "vortex of fashionable life." I believe that a more preposterous caricature was never drawn, and that it resembles most English ladies about as closely as Dickens's Miss Hominy resembles George Eliot. In short, it is only worth notice as a specimen of the irritation produced in some minds by the various tendencies which are summed up in the demands for the emancipation of women. We, say the strong-minded ladies, want to take a larger part in the affairs of the nation; and the answer is, what a foolish, frivolous, unwomanly set you are! We will laugh and abuse you till we make you feel your insignificance, and drive you back to be content with your inferior position. The check has been certainly unmanly, and quite unworthy of a paper which is generally gentlemanlike in its language. But as there is a grain of truth on both sides of most questions, it may perhaps be admitted that some fashionable ladies have given occasion to the blasphemer by extravagance in dress or behavior, and that even strong-minded ladies have at times a few ridiculous points.

To turn from these wide questions, the last new sensation has been the discovery, or supposed discovery, of a new poem of Milton's, which, I presume, you will have seen by this time. The rapidity with which controversy has accumulated round it rather tends to diminish one's respect for the critics. The cause of the sceptics has been prejudiced by Lord Winchelsea's rash assertions that Milton never used such rhymes as are found in the poem, whereas the commonest acquaintance with his writings would supply abundant instances. On the whole, I think the critics incline toward the favor-

able side, and hold the poem to be a genuine, though not a very fine, specimen of Milton; but it is a very pretty quarrel, and there is room enough for new disputants to distinguish themselves in the fray.

Yesterday the greatest improvement that has been made in London within modern times, the Thames embankment, was partially thrown open. The river, instead of being an unsavory ditch hidden carefully out of sight, will, before long, be a very respectable stream, with a really fine roadway along the greatest part of the bank. The Houses of Parliament and the Somerset House are at present the only picturesque buildings immediately fronting the river, but undoubtedly others will spring up on what will be the best of all points for architectural effect. We have already gained perceptibly by its partial completion, which has allowed the drainage system of London to be nearly completed. The chief sewer follows the line of embankment and discharges into the Thames at such a distance as to prevent the return of offensive matter to London. Consequently throughout the unprecedented heat of this summer the river has never been offensive, whereas a few years back the stench in summer weather was enough to knock a weak man down, and produced a fearful crop of fevers. It is true that a few miles down the sewerage is forming banks which are blocking up the navigation; but there is every prospect that it will soon be applied to agricultural improvement, and the problem of decent drainage be effectually solved.

Correspondence.

THE SOUTH AND DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I have read much of the campaign literature that has appeared so far on both sides of the question, and although I have met with much declamation and numerous frantic appeals on the one hand not to let so much blood have been spilled and so much treasure lavished, etc., etc., in vain, and on the other hand to preserve intact the glorious fabric of the Constitution as bequeathed to us, etc., etc.; and although I have besides seen learned disquisitions proceeding from Mr. George T. Curtis and other shining lights of the wisdom-of-our-ancestors party, all proving by chapter and verse that all the events that have happened since 1861 had no right to happen, and that it is the duty of every pious citizen to consider that they have not happened and govern himself accordingly; although I have found abundance of this sort of thing, I have found very little of that practical, common-sense discussion of the issues of the hour which strikes one so favorably in the British newspapers, and of which some very fair specimens abound in the recently republished essays of Mr. Bernard Cracroft. To be sure, there are exceptions, and if I may say so without seeming to flatter, more of them in your columns than in those of any other journal with which I am familiar; it is for that reason that I venture to suggest to you some aspects of the present contest which I do not think have received the attention they deserve, and which you may think it worth while to develop. I refer to the effects which the result of the election is likely to exercise on the condition of the country at large, and more especially on that of the Southern States. The politicians of the South and all that portion of the Southern people who embarked with enthusiasm in the rebellion, and are now bitterly mourning for their lost cause, were at one time more than half disposed to acquiesce in the accomplished fact of reconstruction, to accept the inevitable, and to go to work to build up a new prosperity on the new basis. The unfortunate course which Mr. Johnson saw fit to pursue inspired them with fresh though faint hopes that something would turn up, and now the platform of the Democratic party, the language held before and since the making of the nomination by one of the candidates, and the high consideration accorded to Northern Peace Democrats and to rebel generals and pirates, have completely carried them beyond the bounds of good sense, have obliterated from their memories the sufferings of the last seven years, and have led them to form the most extravagant expectations of the advantages to accrue to them from a Democratic triumph. If, by some unforeseen combination of events, Mr. Seymour should be elected, how would his election benefit the South? Even if his success at the polls included the return of a number of Democratic Congressmen commensurate with his electoral vote, the Republican majority in the House, being re-enforced by the Southern members, would still be large enough to render him as impotent as Mr. Johnson now is for every purpose but the interposition of aggravating and embittering delays, and of obstacles requiring nothing but time for their removal. But suppose we go a step further, and put the case that the Republican ascendancy in Congress is reduced from a two-thirds vote to a simple majority. Suppose we go still further, and concede a Democratic

majority, what would be the result? The Democratic party are, by their own declarations, precluded from legislating in Congress concerning the suffrage, even if they were insane enough to suppose that the suffrage once conferred can be taken away; their only course would therefore be to repeal the Reconstruction Acts and remit the whole question to the people of the Southern States. But repealing a law does not wipe out the acts done under that law while it was in existence, for Congress is prohibited by the Constitution from passing *ex post facto* laws, and the regular governments which are now in existence in the Southern States would be the ones which the new administration would be bound to deal with and recognize, there being no others by whom their validity can be called in question. To these governments, then, elected by the colored voters, would, in the extremest and most unlikely contingency, in the contingency most favorable to the pretensions of the Democratic party, be remitted the question whether the colored voters should be disfranchised.

While the completest victory of the Democratic party would thus work no change in the actual situation which could benefit any class of Southern society, the election of Mr. Seymour, with or without a Democratic Congress, would stimulate the feverish unrest which is the bane of Southern prosperity, would induce excitement where peace and order are the principal requisites, and would open afresh the wounds which, if "let alone," would soon heal up spontaneously. The election of General Grant, on the other hand, will at once give their quietus to all the vain imaginings in which Southern politicians are so prone to indulge, and will for ever convince them that their only salvation lies in bowing to the necessity of the hour, and that the Democratic party is the last quarter from which to expect substantial aid. When this result is once attained, the most serious obstacle in the way of genuine welfare and prosperity will have been removed, and the Southern States once more put in the way to repair the losses and sufferings entailed by the war. I fear I have already trespassed too far on your patience, and must therefore refrain from dwelling on the benefits to be expected for the whole country from a united and harmonious administration, as contradistinguished from the disastrous results which must follow a continuation of the present want of harmony between the various branches of the Government; and I must equally refrain from pointing out how the former will be secured by the election of Grant—how the latter must unavoidably follow his defeat. Hoping that you will not hold it useless to elaborate and press home some of these hints, I remain, yours respectfully,

A. T.

New York, August 10, 1868.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSES. NICHOLS & NOYES announce as in press, and to be published during the month of September, three works. One is the "The American Church Register for Various Denominations," designed for the use of pastors and church clerks, compiled by the Rev. Daniel T. Noyes. It will be published in several sizes, and the price will vary with the size. A "Memoir and Sermons of Professor George Shepard, of the Bangor Theological Seminary," is another of Nichols & Noyes' announcements; and the third is "The Cricket's Friends," by Virginia W. Johnson, who is the author of several "juveniles," one of which we recollect as being not bad.—In mentioning the illustrated Christmas "Kathrina" of Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co., we omitted to mention that of the seventy illustrations, nine (landscapes) are from designs by Mr. C. C. Griswold; the rest are by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, as before stated.—We add to previous announcements by Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son, "What Makes Me Grow?" or, Walks and Talks with Amy Dudley," a 16mo, for small readers.

—Messrs. O. D. Case & Co., Hartford, who lately republished Baker's "Nile Tributaries," have issued sixteen supplementary pages, in the same style, and numbered right on, so that they may, if desired, be bound up with that work. The Rev. W. L. Gage is the writer, and we think must have previously contributed the substance of the supplement to one of the monthly magazines, where we seem to remember having read it. It is now tacked on to Mr. Baker's narrative as if to complete his information concerning Abyssinia, of which Mr. Gage first reports the religious history, then speaks in a very general and indefinite manner of its geography and resources, then pictures the character and career of the late Emperor Theodore, and finally alludes to recent events that ended in the destruction of Magdala and of the emperor himself. There are, however, several reasons why this does not seem to us either a necessary or a valuable addition to Mr. Baker's work. In the first place, the connecting link of Abyssinia is by no means

so strong a one as the title of the work would seem to imply. It is true, the Nile tributaries followed up by Mr. Baker are rightly assigned to Abyssinia, since they take their rise in that country; but he did not explore them to their sources, and except when visiting Mek Nimmur, an outlying vassal of Theodore's, he can hardly be said to have entered Abyssinia at all. Elsewhere, at most he was in neutral territory, contested feebly by Theodore, whose pretensions extended even to Khartoum, but effectively possessed by Egypt; a large part of it, indeed, uninhabited, and the rest having a very unstable and migratory population. What Mr. Baker saw of Abyssinia amounted to little more than that great mountain-barrier and watershed which he frequently terms the alps, and he cannot be said, although Mr. Gage asserts it in his opening sentence, to have made that country "interesting" to his readers. So the statement that "the most casual reader of Baker's pages must be struck with the extraordinary fertility and the almost inexhaustible supply of game" cannot properly be applied to Abyssinia. It is as if a person who had visited Galicia and seen the Carpathian Mountains should be cited as having given an account of Hungary, which lies on the other side. Moreover, as we have said, Mr. Gage is too little precise in what he has to tell us of Abyssinia and of General Napier's expedition; and this defect is aggravated by the extreme carelessness of the printer, who in one place represents Theodore as "*framing* [fearing] a combined English and Turkish invasion." There are other errors not so easily rectified.

—If any one wishes an instance of how much the value of an office depends on its incumbent, let him compare the first annual report of the Commissioner of Education, at Washington, just printed, with the statute creating the department. We do not suppose it is doubtful that no other American can rival Mr. Barnard in fitness for the position which he now holds. Certainly so far as past experience, accumulation of facts and works of reference, and breadth of view are concerned, his superiority is not likely to be called in question; and if he is spared for the work, and liberally sustained by Congress, we believe he will justify in the most gratifying manner the wisdom of the act under which he is laboring. We presume that sound judgment, as well as the economy imposed on the department, forbids the very general circulation of the documents which emanate from it. They would be in danger of going to waste if distributed much outside of the teachers themselves, the clergy, and the various newspapers. We could wish, however, that the simple tabulation of the scope of the Commissioner's enquiries might be very widely broadcast, in order to exhibit the real meaning and extent of education to those who have the most inadequate ideas of it—among whom teachers would form a by no means insignificant minority. The report is also deserving of study as suggesting the importance of a bureau whose authority does not exceed the collecting and collating of statistics, which at first sight is not an obvious advantage to the country. But whoever has attempted to get light from the chaos of State Superintendents' reports, whether taken by themselves or in connection with others, and has witnessed the numerous false inferences which even their authors have drawn from them, simply because there is no uniformity in the statistics furnished, will be prepared to believe that almost the first step the department can take "to promote the cause of education throughout the country," is to introduce a proper system of inter-State comparison of the condition and progress of public instruction. This progress depends in a great degree on force of example; and the clearer the example is made—the more perfectly one State is able to discern the merits or defects of the school system of another—the easier it will be to suggest and to effect improvements.

—Mrs. Prescott Spofford, with her wondrous wine-cellar full of topaz tints and amethystine tints, and liquid sunshine and quivering souls, and fine names of Sidonian and Damascene and other gorgeous wines, would feel a little thrill of the old fervor now and again if she were to read a report published in the *Horticulturist* for July and August, made by a committee of American wine-growers who have been looking into European viticulture. These are their remarks on Johannisberger, full of an agreeable enthusiasm for that hock of hocks and mysterious king among wines:

"Now, Johannisberger is the most delicate of wine, as it is indeed superlative in every respect. By the kind invitation of the Princess Metternich the committee were allowed to taste specimens of the best the castle cellar contained, including some that was twenty-one years old in the cask, and some from a cask that was, *par excellence*, called the 'bride of the cellar,' and the opinion formed was that the quality of Johannisberger is such that it cannot be described, and can be communicated only to the organs of taste; nor can it be understood, or even imagined, except by those who are so highly favored as to have a taste of it."

The committee argue in favor of the superiority of red wine over white; it is less heating, much more tonic, much less exciting to the nerves, much less intoxicating to the brain, and its effects are more enduring than those

produced by white wine. We Americans, then, being, by reason of our dry climate, as well as from moral causes, more excitable than Europeans, have peculiar reason for following the example of the French, who every year use less and less white wine. This suggestion it would be not at all difficult to carry into practical effect in this country, and the subject is worth the consideration of the temperance people, who are spending much of their money in vain, and who are too obstinate in refusing to accept lager beer and good native wines as allies of great value in the war against whiskey. The committee came back, they tell us, with a better opinion of American wines than they had at setting out—a good opinion shared by the German jurors at the Great Exposition, but not by the French, who say that the more of the natural flavor a wine possesses, the lower they rank it in the scale. The Germans, accustomed to wines of high bouquet, which only the very best of French wines have to any extent, were much pleased with the Catawba, which the French despise. The committee repeat the assurances with which all writers on this subject close their remarks, and of which, indeed, there can be no doubt, that the United States cannot but become a great wine-growing country.

—We have recently come upon a pair of twin brothers for the famous Parson Knak, of Berlin, who avows his belief that the sun moves round the world, or rather over it, and says to the men of "science falsely so called," "You may laugh at me, but I am as happy as a child." In 1823 the learned Jesuits Le Sueur and Jacquier edited a new edition of the "*Principia*," "in the preface to which," says Mr. R. A. Proctor, the astronomer, "there occurs the following remarkable passage: 'In adopting the theory of the earth's motion, to explain Newton's propositions, we assume another character than our own, for we profess obedience to the decrees of the Popes against the motion of the earth.'" Mr. Proctor has recently contributed to the *Popular Science Review* an interesting article on "Jupiter without his Satellites"—that is to say, Jupiter as he will be seen to-morrow night by many more astronomers than have ever so seen him before. So far as is known, no more than five men have ever observed the eclipse of the four satellites—Molyneux in 1681, Sir W. Herschel in 1802, Wallis in 1826, and Dawes and Griesbach in 1843. Mr. Proctor's article, as well as another on "The Earth a Magnet," may be found in the September *Eclectic*, which also has Blackwood's recent abuse of Ruskin as a sociologist, and a readable paper on "British Arms and Soldiery."

—The "silly season" of the English newspapers having fairly set in, the controversy about Mr. Morley's Miltonic poem occupies much time and attention. The opinions of the critics—some of whom are critics for the nonce and have the trade yet to learn—are on the whole not unequally divided. Mr. Morley sticks to his first impression. Professor Masson—who, by the way, made the acquaintance of the poem years ago when he was studying for his biography of the poet—also abides by the opinion he first expressed, and will not believe it Milton's. As for the handwriting, he and the best experts of the British Museum deny its genuineness, while some of the Museum authorities, Mr. Hain Friswell and Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who has his say about everything that anybody is saying anything about, are sure that Milton's own hand wrote the lines. Mr. Morley does not deny that Mr. Bond's and Mr. Rye's dictum on this point has shaken him in his former belief. As for the signature, it appears that it may be J. M. or P. M., and a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—for the fate of whose suggestion we shall watch with interest—suggests that it may be A. M. A horizontal flourish at the tip of the A was perfectly common at that time. A. M. would be Andrew Marvell, at that time twenty-seven years old, subsequently a secretary of Milton's, and presumably an early earnest admirer of his master. Much of Marvell's own poetry, it may be added, shows that he might have been an enthusiastic admirer of Milton's earlier poetry. He himself was of like mind; many of his own poems—all the good ones with one or two exceptions—have, not less than Milton's first ones, a beautiful natural-seeming melody and sweetness entirely in agreement with the tenderness of the sentiments, and, more than Milton, Marvell had an inclination towards semi-philosophical reverie—

"Reducing everything that's made
To a green thought in a green shade"

—an inclination which would be stronger at twenty-seven, an age which dreams, than afterwards, and one which consorts well enough with the spirit of the epitaph in dispute. But we suppose the experts in handwriting will settle the question easily enough. If they divide on it and the world at large is remitted to the internal evidence, we feel pretty sure that there will be, proportionately, more editions of Marvell published with the poem in them than of Milton. This remark alone embodies a strong argument in favor of the enthusiastic disciple's claims to the authorship. "Milton

was at all events not so impoverished in thoughts as to quote himself. But young Mr. Marvell might have unconsciously assisted himself without dishonor." Amid all the talk the general public is learning a great deal about an author known better by name than by the reading of him. It is made plain that he was in practice as in theory rather disposed to scorn the "barbarous jingle" of rhyme; that rhythm was what he cared for; that the word "its" is of rare occurrence in his works; and that his habit is to use "his" or "her," and much more of the same sort. In the epitaph, by the way, "its" occurs four times, while in all the acknowledged works it occurs but twice. At least it is so asserted; the correspondents are not all wise or trustworthy; Lord Winchelsea's letter, for instance, was most foolish, and Professor Masson's concerning his lordship's courage and gallantry was also very absurd and gave the reader unpleasant sensations. The poem, meantime, is itself really not worth all the stir that has been made about it. Neither Milton nor Marvell need have been too much ashamed of it, and even the lesser of the two would certainly have had no reason to be proud of it. There is good music in it and good detached expressions, but little or nothing more that is good; and much of it is far-fetched and ill-brought.

—The Right Rev. Samuel Hinds, who was formerly the chaplain and friend of Archbishop Whately, and afterwards the Bishop of Norwich, which see he resigned about ten years ago, has just published a book which may be pronounced exceedingly liberal for the work of so high a dignitary of the Church as he has been. Indeed, he might almost have been the author of the "Comedy of Convocation," and might certainly have been the author of that saying of Dr. Holmes's, "Protestantism means 'None of your business.'" No logical stopping-place short of "None of your business." Dr. Hinds argues for perfect freedom of discussion, and that it is the right—nay, the duty—of clergymen to stay in the Church, whether they believe its generally received doctrines or not. As for the action of ecclesiastical courts in depriving and suspending clergymen for their opinions, that forms "an interference of authority extraneous to the Church." The fundamental article of the Church of England, the one which determines the test by which doctrines may be tried, the sixth article, in effect simply forbids that any of its members should be compelled to believe any doctrine as requisite and necessary to salvation which cannot be proved to be so. "The first generation of the Reformed Church," says the doctor, "had no right to restrain future generations from doing what they did themselves, and assumed no such right. . . . What the framers of the Articles have left with us is not a will bequeathing fixed property, but a series of decisions . . . and the framers of the Articles being fallible men," and claiming to be no more, could not debar their successors from also—if they felt moved thereto—using their fallible judgments too. The work may very well be the work of an author of a "Logic," and will be welcomed by Bishop Colenso's friends as well as by Catholics, who are always apt to think something is done for them when the outside things of some other communion are attacked. Friends of free discussion among truth-loving men will like it most of all, and will thank its venerable author for this latest labor of his. The "Free Discussion of Religious Topics" is the title of the work.

—We have already once or twice spoken of "Max Havelaar," a novel by a Dutchman who wrote for the purpose of showing his fellow-countrymen the horrors of Dutch rule in the East. There has been an English translation of it made, and Messrs. Putnam & Son have promised to reproduce it in this country—which would be to confer a favor on novel-readers. We refer to it again to speak of the verses which are here and there scattered through the story, and which have every appearance of being what they purport to be, genuine translations of Javanese originals; certainly they are not Dutch. Readers curious in poetry will be glad to see a specimen of them. In fact, the poem below will please all readers of poetry, and not the curious only. By reason of the last touch, which, by the way, is surprisingly well managed and very effective, it quite merits the word "exquisite" which the Nashville *Home Monthly* bestows upon it. *Mata glap*, let us say, means "in a frenzy."

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw the great sea on the south coast when I was there with my father making salt.
If I die at sea and my body is thrown into the deep water, then sharks will come;
They will swim round my corpse, and ask, 'Which of us shall devour the body that goes down into the water?'

I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw in a blaze the house of Pa-ansoe, which he himself set on fire, because he was
mata glap;
If I die in a burning house, glowing embers would fall on my corpse;
And outside of the house there will be many cries of men throwing water on the fire to kill it.

I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I saw the little Si-Oenah fall out of a klappa-tree, when he plucked a *klappa* (cocoa-nut) for his mother;
If I fall out of a klappa-tree I shall lie dead below in the shrubs like Si-Oenah.
Then my mother will not weep, for she is dead. But others will say with a loud voice.
'See, there lies Saidjah.'

I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I have seen the corpse of Palisoe, who died of old age, for his hairs were white;
If I die of old age, with white hairs, hired women will stand weeping near my corpse,
And they will make lamentation, as did the mourners over Palisoe's corpse, and the grandchildren will weep very loud.

I shall not hear it.

"I do not know where I shall die.
I have seen at Badoer many that were dead. They were dressed in white shrouds, and were buried in the earth.
If I die at Badoer, and am buried beyond the dessah (village), eastward against the hill, where the grass is high,
Then will Adinda pass by there, and the border of her sarong will sweep softly along the grass.

I shall hear it."

The bold realistic handling and the vivid picturing bring to mind the book of Japanese poetry of whose contents we not long since gave some examples. But this is far more finely imaginative than anything we remember in that volume.

—M. Henri Rochefort, the young man of thirty or thirty-five who, by his satirical abilities, has made the *Lanterne* so brilliant a success that he finds himself within the short space of a few weeks rich, famous, and feared, has, of course, got himself into difficulties with the Government. He has had served up to him a dish of the sort that he is so fond of setting before other people, and apparently he does not relish the jest very well. The Minister of the Interior has sent in to him a *communiqué* so long that it would fill or nearly fill one entire number of the *Lanterne*. By law, the paper served with a *communiqué* must print it. In the case of a libel on a private person, the offending journal is bound to print a reply, though it should be twice as long as the article complained of. There is no law, however, to decide how long a *communiqué* may be, and M. Rochefort is decidedly of opinion that this one is too long. He sees no reason why, if he is bound to submit to the present infliction, he may not get next week, in reply to three lines about Napoleon I., the six volumes of the "Memorials of Saint Helena;" and the week after, that work may be followed by twenty-two volumes of M. Thiers' "Consulate and Empire." So he preferred to refuse to print, to be prosecuted, to pay the maximum fine of 10,000 francs, and to go to jail for a year. He is, however, more popular than ever in Paris, where he before was the most popular man in the city. Very likely he will issue the *Lanterne* from his prison. In the course of the affair publicity has been given to a letter written by Béranger to Rochefort when the latter was a school-boy in the Monge Lyceum. He had sent the aged poet an ode in his honor. The letter of reply is very pleasant and is worth reproducing:

"TO THE LYCÉEEN ROCHEFORT: I am under great obligations to your friends, monsieur, for having suggested that you should send your charming ode to me. You certainly owed me a copy, since I was so fortunate as to inspire your muse. Is it true that you are only sixteen? When I re-read your verses I cannot help asking myself and you this question—Are you but sixteen? Oh! if I, at that age, had composed such well-turned poetic strophes, I should have fancied that a brilliant destiny was before me. It is true that you *lycéens* are forced in a hot-house, whereas I, at sixteen, did not know how to spell. Now, remembering all the means that have been taken to develop your faculties precociously, do not, my dear child, allow yourself to be too vain of a happy *début* and the praises of an old rhymester, who may be somewhat blinded, perhaps, by your incense. *Beau mérite, vraiment, de toucher un vieillard que l'on flatte*. But this old man has yet mind and reason enough, and a heart warm enough to respond to the impulses of generous youth, and from the bottom of his heart he begs you to receive his thanks. Stick to your themes and versions for a long while yet, and believe me, my dear young friend, yours very truly,
"BÉRANGER."

"PASSY, December 20, 1849."

MR. BRONSON ALCOTT'S ESSAYS.*

FOR the orphic reader the Orphic Saying is no doubt a very fine thing, but somehow the world in general is as yet unripe for it; wherefore the orphic sayer, so far as he is a man addressing contemporary human beings, must appear to be an unsagacious person, or, not to put too fine a point on it, a bad failure. For our own part, we have no doubt that such a man's conversations posterity, down to the last syllable of recorded time, will allow to remain soliloquies; but let it be that he is writing for the future; certainly he is not writing for the present when he sets down on paper thoughts like this:

"Boehme, the subtlest thinker on Genesis since Moses, conceives that

* "Tablets. By A. Bronson Alcott." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1863.

nature fell from its original oneness by fault of Lucifer before man rose physically from its ruins; and moreover, that his present existence, being the struggle to recover from nature's lapse, is embarrassed with double difficulties by defection from rectitude on his part. We think it needs no Lucifer other than mankind collectively conspiring, to account for nature's mishaps, or man's, since, assuming man to be nature's ancestor, and nature man's ruins rather, himself were the impediment he seeks to remove; nature being the child of his choices, corresponding in large—or macrocosmically—to his intents. Eldest of creatures, the progenitor of all below him, personally one and imperishable in essence, if debased forms appear in nature, these are consequent on man's degeneracy prior to their genesis. And it is only as he lapses out of his integrity, by debasing his essence, that he impairs his original likeness, and drags it into the prone shapes of the animal kingdom—these being the effigies and vestiges of his individualized and shattered personality. Behold these upstarts of his loins, everywhere the mimics jeering him saucily, or gaily parodying their fallen lord.

"Most happy he who hath fit place assigned
To his beasts, and disafforested his mind;
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and every beast,
And is not apte himself to all the rest."

It is man alone who conceives and brings forth the beast in him that swerves and dies. Perversion of will by mischoice precipitates him into serpentine form, duplicated in sex."

Consider it as thought and argument intended for the persuasion and enlightenment of an audience, and put it into ordinary language, and what is got from the passage above given will be this: If there are poisonous snakes in the world, and wallowing hogs, and noxious plants, and foul weather, it is not, as Boehme fondly imagines it is, because the devil fell from a state of holiness and worked evil on earth before man arrived in it. Boehme's undoubted superiority in subtlety, or subtlety, did not save him from here falling into a complete misunderstanding of the matter. The fact is, that when men became numerous enough they "collectively conspired," and the snakes, and diseases, and hard frosts, and rotting leaves, and bad things generally, are the results of the conspiracy. How plain this becomes if we will only recollect, 1st, That man was made before nature; and 2dly, That he is "the progenitor of all below him." Nature is the child of his choices, and this being so, what possible effect can Lucifer's choices have had on nature? Nature corresponds in large to man's intents. If at the time of the conspiracy he had very bad intents, he "shattered his personality" into some very low animal, perhaps a bat or a fish of one of the meaner species; if his intents were better, he "debased his essence" into the forms of some vertebrates higher in the scale, or perhaps made it into some of the milder types of disease, or into some rather inclement weather, while his good intents took shape in beautiful and convenient things.

To us we are free to say this sort of thing does not seem to be thought in any sense of that word which has ever yet found acceptance among men, and if it were not orphic we should have no hesitation in calling it by some very hard name. If we were going to account for the genesis of it, we should say that Mr. Alcott once read the bit of poetry above cited—good enough as a poet's figurative remark on certain bestial traits of human nature, but otherwise valueless—and then proceeded, as is the wont of his kind, to spin a plain saying out into obscurity, making it at the same time devoid of meaning and perfectly dogmatic. It is, by the way, a distinguishing mark of the school to which Mr. Alcott belongs, that their "thought" is very commonly a distortion or adaptation of some other man's metaphor, and that they in return repay the simile-monger better than any other student of their works.

Another habit of theirs is to take what is known to the unilluminated as a truism, and enounce it in the orphic manner. For example, no one would call the man a seer who should say that actions speak louder than words; but it is orphic to say, "If one's life is not worshipful, no one cares for his professions." It is orphic to say,

"When thou approachest to The One,
Self from thyself thou first must free,
Thy cloak duplicity cast clean aside,
And in the Being's Being Be."

But, even if capital letters were employed, it would be unorphic to say that when one wishes to find The Truth it is well to divest one's self of prejudice and all self-seeking feelings. Go at a man with a saying of this kind, "Know, that seeing you, I divine your gods also," and he discerns at once the difference between you and the man who merely repeats to him the familiar remarks that a man's face is an index of his character, and that his notions of heaven and hell and his views of God's character are determined by his own character and the degree of his intellectual and spiritual enlightenment. Give it as your opinion that "like loves like," and you are on the level of Mr. Tupper; but it were a worshipful thing to inform a listening world that "Affinities tell. Every one is not for every one."

There is, however, a class of orphic utterances, removed as far as need be from sayings whose obvious truth has made them, in their ordinary form, proverbial philosophy. No man is fully orphic until he can turn out things of this kind: "Every pulse pushes nature's quaternion along life's currents, recreating us afresh; the morn feeding the morn, Memnon's music issuing from every stop, as if the Orient itself had sung." Or here is another: "Memory is the premise of our sensations: it dates our immortality." Still another is this, which describes "Man": "Not elemental, but fundamental, essential, he generates elements and forces, perpetually replenishing his waste—the final conflagration a current fact of his existence." Under the head of "The Family," it is said to us: "Still youth and innocence are the sole solvents of all doubts and infidelities; the faiths of women and children in friendship ever fresh demonstrations of life's sufficiency and imperishableness." The next sentence after this last one suggests to us a consideration which is not without its comfort for the ordinary, unilluminated reader. It is to the effect that "Families never die, since they trace their pedigree to Adam the First, who is of immortal ancestry." It is a consideration which very possibly long ago occurred to the mind of the reader; but, as we have said, it struck us most forcibly when we had read along to the page or two from which we have just been quoting, and it took in our mind this shape—that it is within the reach of every man and woman of average intelligence to become, when he or she likes, as orphic as the best seer in existence. Let it be that youth and innocence—or innocency—dissolve doubts, and that women's faiths demonstrate that life is imperishable; what has that to do, said we, with the fact that Adam the First was of immortal ancestry, and that families never die because Adam the First, being of immortal ancestry, founded "The Family"? Surely, we continued, a good deal of being orphic depends on saying the first thing that comes into one's head, without any regard for what preceded it, and without the least idea of what is to follow it. Now, anybody—a village idiot—can do this in his idler moments—when for a little while he throws off the responsibility, greater or less, which is imposed on all of us, of being, first of all, so far as we can, intelligent and intelligible animals. A principal thing to be done by the would-be orphic sayer or seer is to become an intellectual voluptuary, and allow the mind to lie passive while a throng of ideas and images, coming from everywhere, going anywhere, often indistinguishable the one from the other, pass before it for its mere delight, submitting to any usage. Of course, to be totally and constantly orphic, orphic and nothing else, more is necessary than to abandon one's self to reverie and soliloquy, but for a short time the effects can be produced in all desirable perfection—in sufficient perfection at any rate to relieve the young from that painful awe which the orphic sayer is apt to inspire into them when they are just leaving off feeling and have not yet learned thinking. The regular orphic seer has been obliged to begin while young the reading of as much idealistic philosophy as he could get hold of, and he must hold in its fulness the doctrine which may be briefly described as the bringing of all things under one's own hat, to the great ruin, theoretically, of the outside world, including the hat and the head—a process which has for its chief result the strenuous assertion of the "imperishable me," and so great a consequent contempt for everything else that the oracles of the seer are flung out of cloud-land to the poor despised seeker for truth as bones are flung to a dog; and furthermore, if the dogs are to be trusted and not the thrower, are as bad as bones can be.

We, for our part, have found "Tablets" very nearly worthless, and have learned little or nothing from it except that Mr. Emerson is not indebted for some of his deepest thoughts to Mr. Alcott—which story used to circulate among some of the more puzzled and enthusiastic of the Boston believers. He may have been indebted to him for an impulse away from materialism, but that too we doubt. Even if Mr. Alcott ever did that much good to anybody, it would be good got at a vast expense; it would be like preventing a traveller from being thirsty, not by giving him a draught of water, but by enveloping him and saturating him to the bones in a bewildering dank fog or Scotch mist—cause of more delay to the pilgrim than any loitering he would be likely to do for the sake of gratifying his materialist senses. In other words, we look on Mr. Alcott with his emptiness and affectations as being, for all his anti-materialism, no good servant of the cause which he is thought to serve. His thinking and preaching delight himself, no doubt; to us, so far as we know either, both appear trivial to almost the last degree—that is to say, when it is Mr. Alcott himself who is talking. Much of the book is quotation of the two ordinary kinds—the acknowledged borrowing from other men, and, secondly, the use, or orphic abuse, rather, of the world's common stock of familiar ideas.

CHAPMAN'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

MR. CHAPMAN'S work, though scarcely comparing in interest with those of Dr. Livingstone on the same region, is in the same category. They are contemporaneous also; both explorers beginning their travels into the interior in 1849, and being often near each other, or crossing one another's tracks. While Livingstone, however, made the Cape his original starting-place, Chapman entered by the way of Natal, and thus obtained an experience of the Boers quite other than that which the missionary had of them, among the tribes adjoining the Trans-Vaal. We would not imply that he extenuates the barbarousness of that remarkable people, or apologizes for their murderous slave-hunting incursions upon their peaceful neighbors. It would be strange indeed if the Dutch stock of the colony had wholly run to evil, and such does not appear to be the case. Honesty and hospitality are virtues which they own in dealing with one another and with the stranger who comes among them free from suspicion. Old-countrymen, it appears, are not of this number, owing to sundry impostures which have brought the name of Hollander into bad odor among the Boers. Towards the natives their feelings are such as a superior and master race always entertains for an inferior and servile; and their prejudices in regard to sitting on a jury with negroes, or burial in the same ground, or even living under a rule—the British—which gives equal rights to blacks and whites, and which was a principal cause of their secession from the colony, are the exact parallel of those which flourished among us and at the South in the palmy days of slavery. For much of the blood shed by the Boers in their attacks upon the natives—that is to say, for the attacks themselves—the British Government is responsible by the studiously unequal provisions of its treaties in regard to the sale of guns and ammunition, by which the blacks were left quite unarmed and wholly exposed to the rapacity of the Boers. And on the other hand, we must agree with Mr. Chapman in thinking that "it is a pity that missionary societies, instead of quarrelling with the Boers in their endeavors to instruct the natives, have not rather turned their attention and their means to the advancement and instruction of the Boers themselves, who at the time I speak of had not one permanent clergyman amongst them, and generally no better schoolmaster than a British deserter fresh from the ranks to teach their progeny the Dutch language."

The chapters, or parts of chapters, relating to the Boers are among the most entertaining in the two volumes, and we turn from them with reluctance which is somewhat mitigated by the Dutch flavor that pervades the narrative, and treats us frequently to such words as *trek*, *inyoke*, *outspan*, *vley*, and *veld*. Next in point of interest we have found the Bushmen, whose character, says Chapman, has much in it to be admired. "Degraded as they are in the scale of humanity, and even in the eyes of their superiors amongst the native races, their morals are in general far better than those of the more civilized Bechuanas," whom they serve. They have a plurality of wives, but "their women are not at all flattered by the attentions of their Bechvana lords." The Namaqua Hottentots, on the other hand, appear to the least advantage, as indolent lords of the Damaras, who were once the owners of the immense flocks and herds which they are now forced to tend for their conquerors, and "of the soil on which they now grubbed for roots in order to obtain a scanty subsistence." In spite of its absolute, life-and-death sway over its unfortunate subjects, the tribe of Namaquas is but a small one, and, in the author's emphatic words, "the most besotted, dissipated, and debauched wretches on the face of the earth." They have had the honor of introducing the habit of smoking among the hitherto only snuff-taking tribes, besides imparting the diseases which everywhere wait upon licentiousness. Their polygamy is without the effect of increasing the population; which the missionaries have observed to be the case generally. "One of the tribes tried the experiment with the view of increasing their number and power. The men took each as many wives as they could support, but in a few years the result proved no increase, but a decided decrease, whereas among those who lived at missionary stations and confined themselves to one wife there was a considerable increase of population." Among the Makololo, the limited extent of polygamy is attributed to the number of slaves, and the abundance of food and rain.

The spirit of adventure which prompted Mr. Chapman to make his excursions, was joined with a passion for hunting and a willingness to speculate in ivory, together with a laudable desire to promote natural science. His journal is full of observations on the fauna and flora, the

geology and climatic phenomena of the country which he traversed—so full that the general reader may be somewhat wearied by it, his practice being different from that of Livingstone, who omits unnecessary and purely scientific details and reserves them for an independent work. In these two volumes, however, we have apparently a clean account of all Mr. Chapman has to render for his fifteen years of travel; and besides what is plentifully scattered through the text, there are long appendices, scientifically prepared, on the animals, birds, insects, and botany of inter-tropical South Africa. With some part of these observations the text, of course, could not dispense. It would, for instance, have been far less graphic without this concentrated experience (ii., p. 234):

"The wet weather, however, has its disadvantages for us. Last night a large, swift, hairy spider, six inches long, ran over my face several times, but was so quick that we could not catch him until he had run the gauntlet of everybody; and although the boys did not care much about him, saying he *didn't* bite, I did not feel at all easy until I had secured him. Hardly was this done when another nuisance was discovered, and my bed was found swarming with a kind of ant, half an inch long; body, brownish-red; abdomen, brown; these, although they do not bite, are disagreeable bed companions. Being in search of cooked food and sugar, for which they have a strong predilection, they had got the smell of the elephant lard with which I had anointed my limbs; and as I could not jump into a warm bath to obliterate the traces of it, I was obliged to put up with the nuisance as well as I could, slaying as far as I was able. In the morning I found a scorpion in my shoe, and another in my haversack."

Of course the formidable tsetse (poison-fly) figures frequently in these pages. Like the other pests, its extinction may be certainly looked for soon after the establishment of civilized colonies in those parts. Its habitat is within a certain range from water, and it is thought to be a parasite of the buffalo only; so drainage and cultivation, and the introduction of guns, are likely to exterminate this insect, whose bite is so fatal to cattle and horses. And with it, many other animals besides the buffalo will be exterminated with fire-arms. The elephant, being most valuable, will perhaps go first. He was principal game for Mr. Chapman, and in comparing his experience with Mr. Baker's in the Soudan, it would appear that the South African elephants are more vulnerable and less ferocious than those attacked with swords by the Hamran Arabs. While Baker, again, almost invariably shot at them from horseback, Chapman disapproves of this method; but the "unsteady, panting, and frightened horse" is the one he has in view, which Mr. Baker's highly trained steed was far from being. The two or three serious situations our hunter was brought into with elephants, were, in fact, due to some misbehavior of his horse. But he was generally an excellent shot, as, to say nothing of his perils and think only of his voracious followers, he had good need to be. "Can it be credited," he asks, "that, besides the bundles of flesh, they (about fifty men, women, and children of the Makalakas) have devoured a buffalo, a quagga, a fallah, two water-bucks, and three rhinoceroses, and all since Saturday evening, this being Tuesday?"

Mr. Chapman devotes his second volume to what may be called his most original expedition, from Walvisch Bay, on the west coast, to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, where he had been preceded by Dr. Livingstone. His idea was that the port just named would be a more natural and feasible entrance to the interior, for trading purposes, than the Portuguese port of Loanda, where Dr. Livingstone emerged, and from which he afterward crossed to the east coast. He started, therefore, better equipped than he had been on any previous "trekking," with a "special artist" attached, and with photographic apparatus, etc. But almost in the ratio of his preparations he was destined to meet with obstacles and delays and accidents; and his plan of descending the Zambesi in boats constructed by his party was rendered futile. He succeeded in witnessing the glory of the smoky falls, and—to judge from Mr. Baines's views in chromo—like Dr. Livingstone, failed to do even faint justice to it in words. Returning to Damara Land, and hoping to effect a settlement which should serve as a basis for a fresh expedition to the Zambesi, or at least permit him to prosecute his researches in natural history, he was foiled also in this, owing to incessant broils between the Damaras and the Hottentots, and was at length compelled to abandon a country in which there was no security for life or property; in which, if there was a cattle plague, tribal wars must ensue; if a bountiful harvest, invasion must be feared. We may take leave of him just before the last illusion is dispelled, on his way to Walvisch Bay, amid the lovely scenery of the Kaan valley:

"Through such a landscape it is an interesting sight to watch the red wheels of the white-tilted waggons dragging heavily after the sturdy team of parti-colored oxen, often stumbling and kneeling over the sharp flints; now rolling with the roar of distant thunder down the rocky steps of the mountains, with difficulty maintaining its equilibrium; now grating down the quartz slope with the drag on, the oxen dragging sometimes on their

* "Travels in the Interior of South Africa, comprising fifteen years' hunting and trading; with journeys across the continent from Natal to Walvisch Bay, and visits to Lake Ngami and the Victoria Falls. By James Chapman, F.R.G.S." Illustrated with maps and numerous engravings. In two volumes. London: Bell & Daldy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

haunches; anon grinding over the pebbly bed of the stream, on emerging from which the sore-footed cattle more firmly tread the soft, red, sandy road, cut through a carpet of emerald, until they bury themselves out of sight in the blooming groves, while the mountains re-echo with the driver's harsh voice and the crack of his huge whip."

UHLHORN'S DISCOURSES.*

THESE discourses, which have no particular value either as criticism or as positive scientific or religious statement, are yet very well worth reading, since they show in an intelligible and untechnical way both the strength and the weakness of the position taken by the orthodox Protestant who assumes that Christianity must stand or fall with the Bible. Dr. Uhlhorn apparently thinks that the sole internal evidence of the truth of Christianity is afforded by the life of the faithful believer—which is virtually making it a subject for purely historical treatment. As such he uses it, considering it always from an external stand-point, and making evident neither in his argument nor in the temper in which it was conducted any reason for supposing that he believes the spiritual truths and the moral precepts of the New Testament to have any value apart from the accounts of miracles with which they are connected. To him the ethics of Paul, for instance, seem worthy of attention only because Paul was miraculously converted while on the road to Damascus. The critics whom he opposes look at the question from the historical point of view also; but they attack only the superstructure of dogma which the Church builds on what they consider historically insufficient grounds, and not her spiritual and moral teachings. Dr. Uhlhorn stakes both on the single issue of the truth or falsehood of the apostolic versions of the life of Jesus—which is not only absurd and logically inaccurate, but, taking into consideration the fact that he was addressing an audience who were presumably believers and obviously uncritical, is also manifestly disingenuous. From the clerical stand-point there doubtless appears every reason why discourses like these should be occasionally delivered, but when it comes to printing them it seems worth while to consider whether it is best to strengthen the position of the antagonistic party by using unsound arguments against them.

The first two of these discourses contain a fair and sufficiently careful estimate of Renan's "Life of Jesus" and the "Character of Jesus Portrayed," by Dr. Daniel Schenkel. The title of the second discourse associates the name of Dr. Strauss with that of Dr. Schenkel, but the quality of fairness which we predicate of Dr. Uhlhorn's treatment of the two books we have mentioned cannot be predicated of his hasty consideration of the "New Life of Jesus," by Dr. Strauss. There is no permanent danger to Christianity to be apprehended from a rationalism like that of Dr. Schenkel, nor from the poetical romancing of Renan's criticisms; and Dr. Uhlhorn, very well comprehending this truth, devotes to it plenty of space and much pleasing and convincing eloquence. He is hardly as fair in his treatment of Schenkel and Renan personally as in his review of their arguments; but as he found it easy to demolish the latter, it was perhaps only natural that he should look for the motive of work so palpably unsatisfactory. He is more respectful to Dr. Strauss, and makes a less damaging criticism on that author's book. He considers it, he says, less dangerous than the other, because people cannot understand it, and therefore will not read it. He seems to us, however, to understand thoroughly that it is only Dr. Strauss and critics of his school who seriously undermine the historical foundations of the faith. His arguments are passed over lightly; indeed, the positive portion of this volume is composed of statements fortified only by proofs against which Dr. Strauss has brought much evidence, which in a work of this kind would seem to have been worth investigating. We, for our own part, should have been glad of some more definite information on certain disputed points, such as the paschal controversy and the authorship of the fourth Gospel, than is contained in Dr. Uhlhorn's assertion that the recent investigations of "such men" as Ewald and Steitz have settled the matter beyond further dispute in favor of the Church's view. Dr. Uhlhorn's unfortunate habit of quoting the meaning instead of the words of his authorities, and omitting to give any precise references, except to texts of Scripture, would have been in some degree atoned for had he furnished the curious reader some account of the nature of this conclusive proof of which he merely hints the existence.

In his discussion of miracles we do not find Dr. Uhlhorn altogether satisfactory. He does not attempt to prove the miracles of Jesus from the Gospel records of them, because he "demonstrated *their* (the records) trustworthiness only upon the presumption that there were miracles, and

hence cannot now prove miracles upon the presumption of their trustworthiness." He turns, therefore, to the "four uncontested Epistles of Paul, in which we have an indisputable historical document." But what does he mean by such a use of the word "historical"? Paul's Epistles are not narratives of matters of fact, but letters of reproof, of counsel, and of exhortation to those who already believed in miracles. The word "authentic" applies to them as indubitable productions of the author whose name they bear, but "historical" is a term as inappropriate to them as to the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius. Great miracles attended the martyrdom of Polycarp, inasmuch that the Jews endeavored to keep his body from the Christians, lest they should hide it and announce a new resurrection. Irenæus also testifies that in his own times men were raised from the dead by the united prayers of the Church. Is Dr. Uhlhorn ready to accept these miracles on testimony, or does he, like the majority of Protestants, while claiming the possibility of miraculous intervention in human affairs, limit the period of such intervention? Catholics find no difficulty here, but it is unnecessary to convince those who already believe. Behind the Catholic is a Church which claims a perennial inspiration, a perpetual miraculous power. Her life is so full of accounts of the exercise of this power that when Dr. Uhlhorn, in combating the idea that the primitive Church was easy of belief, says that "everything is opposed to the view that the Church acted so uncritically as to accept anything that seemed edifying without regard for its truth," we should be more ready to accept the statement if he would amend it so as to insert after "everything" the words "except the ecclesiastical histories." It is the Protestant, the man who scouts the idea that a miraculous power is latent in the Church, who needs to have irrefragable proofs offered him—whose reason it is necessary to convince that a miraculous occurrence is susceptible of historical proof.

Old Deccan Days; or, Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India. Collected from oral tradition, by M. Frere. With an introduction and notes by Sir Bartle Frere. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—Despite the resemblances which the collector has pointed out, and the reader cannot fail to observe of himself, between these fairy tales and those of Northern Europe and the Teutonic race generally, they are substantially fresh and peculiar, and in a high degree entertaining. In complexity, which never begets confusion, and of course in Oriental flavor, they recall most vividly the "Arabian Nights." But even here the jungle serves to characterize their Indian origin. Stepmothers and second wives (or, as in "Truth's Triumph," the thirteenth wife) cause most of the difficulties; and the king and queen who had no children, but wanted them sadly, in the end have their prayer granted. These stock characters and situations involve pretty certainly the following incidents: A prince gets comfortably married, and presently has a dream of another princess, who is kept secluded in a glass palace surrounded by seven hedges of bayonets and as many seas, which must all be passed in order to win her; which done, and the marriage celebrated, desire arises to see the first wife and home again. The return is accompanied with renewed perils, but all ends happily, and the wicked are generally brought to grief. There is also, in most of the stories, a Rakshas, or evil genii of the stupid sort, and a cobra more or less friendly to man, and always living in a nest of precious stones and other treasure. It will be strange, also, if the jackal is left out, he being to the other animals what the fox is in European legends, or "Br. Rabbit" in the laughable *contes* of the Sea Island negroes. In the punishments and vengeance we see the Oriental contempt of human life and suffering; and Oriental extravagance abounds. The stepmother in "Punch-kin" must have a shaddock-tree pulled up and boiled root and branch, and her forehead wet with a little of the water, to cure a headache; and afterward bids her husband kill his seven daughters, that by anointing her forehead and palms with their blood she may be cured of her feigned mortal sickness. Vicram Maharajah is directed by the shade of his father to perform this act of devotion to the god Gunputti: "You must fasten a rope to the top of the tower, and to the other end of the rope attach a basket, into which you must get head downward, then twist the rope by which the basket is hung three times, and, as it is untwisting, cut it, when you will fall head downward to the earth"—upon a bayonet hedge, unless the god interposes. The Rajah's son says of his best friend and inseparable companion, "Father, I am angry with the Wuzer's son; I hate that boy; kill him, and let his eyes be brought to me in proof of his death, or I will not eat my dinner." The occasion of this quarrel is an excellent stroke of art. So, in another way, is this description: "And many passers-by, with chattees [pots] on their heads, for watching him, let the chattees tumble down and break, they were so much astonished; and several men and

* "The Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus. Four Discourses delivered before the Evangelical Union at Hanover, Germany. By Dr. Gerhard Uhlhorn, First Preacher to the Court. Translated from the third German edition by Charles E. Grinnell." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1868.

women, who were looking out of the windows of their houses, leant too far forward and fell into the street, so giddy did they become from wonder and amazement!" The girl-nature is aptly hit off in the case where a hundred brothers and one sister are hidden each under one of a flight of steps leading to a well. A washerman's child amuses herself by running up and down, without knowing what is beneath her. "All the hundred boys bore this without uttering a sound," but the little girl cries out, on being squeezed, "How can you be so cruel to me, trampling on me in this way? Have pity on me, for I am a little girl as well as you;" and the secret of their hiding-place is betrayed at once. As for *naïveté*, take the following conclusion of the story just quoted from: "Thus truth triumphed in the end [the Rajah has just burnt his treacherous dozen wives]; but so unequally is human justice meted out, that the old nurse who worked their evil will, and was in fact the most guilty wretch of all, is said to have lived unpunished, to have died in the bosom of her family, and to have had as big a funeral pile as any virtuous Hindoo."

These narratives preserve, with some exceptions, a simplicity of style which will recommend them to children, for whom they appear to have been designed, and who will certainly forget—unless children have changed—the violent and polygamous portions of them, and retain only the main incidents and actions.

The Opium Habit. With Suggestions as to the Remedy. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.)—If we are to believe all that is darkly hinted or confidently asserted, "the opium habit" is fearfully increasing in this and in all civilized countries. It has always been true that here and there an invalid, especially among women, having at first resorted to the drug as a necessary remedy, has at last made constant food of what should have been an occasional medicine, and has suffered more or fewer of the certain evils which attend its excessive use. But with the excitements of modern civilized social life the temptation to resort to opium, as a solace for disappointment and as a sedative for the legion of high-wrought excitements to which the inhabitants of great cities are exposed, has been intensified. It is not surprising that this temptation should not be resisted in an age in which is prevalent the epicurean doctrine that comfortable sensations comprehend the sum of human blessings and are "the chief end" of human existence. The author of this book thinks that "the number of confirmed opium-eaters in the United States is large—not less, judging from the testimony of druggists in all parts of the country, as well as from other sources, than eighty to a hundred thousand." They are in general "professional and literary men, persons suffering from protracted nervous disorders, women obliged by their necessities to work beyond their strength, prostitutes, and, in brief, all classes whose business or whose vices make special demands upon the nervous system."

The writer and compiler of the volume has been himself a victim to the habit which he describes, having eaten more than half a hundredweight of the drug and continued in its uninterrupted use for more than fifteen years. He emancipated himself by a short but painful struggle of six weeks, in which he proceeded from 80 grains a day by diminished doses to its entire abandonment. The story which he tells is interesting without being at all sensational; it is minute enough without being tedious, and its moral lessons of hope and perseverance are none the less impressive from the fact that there is not any attempt to state or enforce them. There is no cant nor preaching in the story, and but very little in the selections which follow it; the author judging wisely enough that the facts preach loudly and forcibly enough, and that to the great majority of opium-eaters their own reflections furnish more preaching than they care to hear or can consent to endorse.

The story of the author, who is known to his friends as a well-educated and accomplished man of about fifty, is entitled "A Successful Attempt to Abandon Opium." With the brief introduction it occupies a little less than eighty pages. This is followed by all from De Quincey of fact and description which his own writings and those of his friends furnish in respect to his experiences with opium. These are followed by the opium reminiscences of Coleridge, which are gleaned from all the sources accessible in any published writings, from Joseph Cottle to Dr. Gilman. To these are added the narrative of William Blair, from the *Knickerbocker Magazine* of 1842, which is more full of horrors than it is altogether pleasant to read. An essay, never before published, on "Opium and Alcohol Compared," by a person who had made ample use of both, is not much more soothing to the nerves, however salutary it may be to the conscience. Then another narrative of "Insanity and Suicide from an Attempt to abandon Morphine," tells the story of a clergyman who committed suicide in January of the present year. Our feelings are somewhat relieved by the record which follows of

"A Morphine Habit Overcome," taken from *Lippincott's Magazine* of April, 1868. The conscience of the opium-taker will gather some gleams of ghostly comfort from the introduction of Rev. Robert Hall and William Wilberforce as habitual eaters of opium. Then comes Fitz Hugh Ludlow's article, "What shall they do to be Saved?" followed by the less exciting but no less interesting "Outlines of the Opium-cure," from the same writer. These collected papers may be said to furnish nearly, if not all, that can be served up to the public in regard to the "Opium Habit." The facts which these papers embody are worthy the attention of "all whom it may concern." All confirmed opium-takers who have not yet lost their wits or their courage, all those who are dallying with this enchanting drug, and the friends of both classes, will find in these pages much material for their consideration. None of them will find anything which need offend their taste or shock their prejudices. We cannot but hope that the suggestions in the last article will lead speedily to the foundation of an asylum in which many victims of opium may be successfully treated.

A Handbook of Gymnastics and Athletics. By E. G. Ravenstein, F.R.G.S., etc., President of the German Gymnastic Society, London, and John Hulley, Gymnasiarch, of Liverpool. With numerous wood-cut illustrations, from original designs. (London: Trübner & Co.; New York: John Wiley & Son.)—We believe there are still traces on the Delta, at Harvard College, of the open-air gymnasium which flourished, if it was not founded, during the professorship of the eminent Dr. Charles Follen, himself one of the most accomplished gymnasts that Jahn's example produced in Germany. Not till later—that is, after 1835—perhaps considerably later, were established those in-door gymnasiums, one or more of which are now to be found in every large city of the country. Last to be introduced were the Turnvereins, which we owe to the German immigration of 1848-9, and which are the only real gymnasiums that exist in the United States. The *esprit de corps*, the rigid discipline, the perfect co-operation and subordination which characterize them, are still foreign to our native establishments though generally kept by a professional gymnast. Instead of a thorough system of instruction, with tests of strength and proficiency, assignment of exercises and leaders, a programme that is regularly carried out, we see commonly the frequenters of our gymnasiums divided into two classes—the skilled performers, who monopolize *ad libitum* certain instruments, and often spend a large portion of the evening in emulating the tricks of the circus; and the unskilled, who practise as they can, without association or instruction, or lounge and gape at the display. Inefficient as are these resorts for the moral and physical training contemplated by their founder, when Germany was still oppressed by Napoleon, and the hour of her resurrection was approaching, they have nevertheless accomplished a vast amount of good. Many a strong man went from swinging the clubs and pulling the weights to leading a company or a regiment in the Federal army, and the greater endurance of soldiers from the cities over those from the country may be partly attributed to the bodily culture of the gymnasium. But there is no reason why the country towns should not have gymnasiums, and none why those in cities should not be brought up to the ideal standard. This standard, we are glad to announce, is given in the beautiful work before us, certainly the best of its kind we have ever had the fortune to read—clear, orderly, full of special knowledge, abounding in common sense, and complete in scope. It is equally fitted for the novice and the teacher, for practice in company and practice alone; includes free exercises and exercises with every variety of instrument, and according to a number of systems; and does not neglect swimming, skating, or the more athletic sports. At the end are condensed the directions which a leader will need to use in guiding his class. The chapter devoted to boxing is free from the odor of the prize-ring; and generally, we may say, that the æsthetic side of gymnastics, rather than the animal, determines the tone of this work.

The Lost Cause Regained. By Edward A. Pollard. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. London: S. Low, Son & Co. 1868.)—That quality of the Southern mind which leads it to evolve continually, without any cessation, perpetual *Congressional Globes*, in the shape of political treatises on the negro and kindred matters, is perfectly illustrated by Mr. Pollard's "Lost Cause Regained." We feel moved to assure Mr. Pollard that we, familiar with the literature of many ages and many lands, do not know more worthless writing than is produced by the typical Richmond editor. People of any taste or judgment are constrained to laugh whenever that gentleman makes his appearance. It does no good, though, to say so; for he is not merely ignorant to the point of absurdity of what the world—literary, sociological, religious, scientific, or what not—has been thinking

about during the past hundred years; he is not merely destitute of all knowledge except the knowledge of the art of writing obsolete bad English, but he is the most conceited of provincial mankind. It is impossible to make him understand that he is a laughing-stock. Beyond a doubt Mr. Pollard, for instance, is incredulous as to our sincerity when we say that books like "The Lost Cause Regained" excite in us a feeling of amused contempt mixed with some pity for the authors of them. We present a specimen of the work before us. Mr. Johnson is Mr. Pollard's theme, and the Richmond and Petersburg historic muse is to be seen in not her most high-stepping mood, but still in much of her natural pomp and dignity:

"Had he chosen the part of a Cromwell or a Napoleon, a servile legislative assembly would have been at hand to prompt and sustain him in the character of usurper, and to constitute him the greatest military despot of modern times. Had he acquiesced in the scheme of reconstruction prepared by Congress, he would have secured its bad alliance, and, through his office as commander-in-chief, have found himself absolute master of the lives and fortunes of ten millions of people residing in the military districts of the South. It was the spectacle of a legislative assembly, in order to gratify its political passions, not only offering the Executive chief despotic powers, but prompting him to their assumption, and eager for his acceptance. Congress laid at his feet the absolute empire of nearly one-half of the country—a patronage the most enormous in history; and had he accepted them, he might well have defied the feeble discontent of the South, while Congress would have been complaisant, and he would have blazed in the encomiums of the most numerous party of the North. What, then, constrained this man, thus tempted—the temptation safe, the temptation even calculated on a balance of popularity for the acceptance—to deny and spurn it, to mortify his ambition, to reject the counsels of the most numerous, to sacrifice power and popularity together?—what but the high, severe, overruling sense of duty, which absolves from his selfishness, and makes him the sublime minister of the eternal laws of truth and justice."

There is any quantity of such matter in the book, but it contains some personal abuse of Southern "statesmen," which is agreeable reading, and sounds like truth.

Hannah; or, A Glimpse of Paradise. A tale in four parts. Illustrated. By H. M. Moos, author of "Mortara; or, The Pope and his Inquisitors," etc. (Cincinnati: Literary Eclectic Publishing House. 1868.)—This is a large, well-bound volume, with gilt edges and profuse illustrations which are admirably well adapted to the style of the letterpress. We advise all our readers to look at it, for reasons which will be obvious when we make one or two extracts from its pages—we despair of giving in any other way a just idea of its author's capabilities. Here is a description of the hero:

"He was of medium height, pale and slenderly built, and attired in a suit of plain black cloth. His face was as fair, pale, and clear as the moon seen through the mirror of the lake, and his features as calm and regular as if drawn by the hand of God upon the brow of an angel. His eyes were soft, black, and dreamy, expressing mildness, depth, and suffering. His lips were thin and pale, from under which a row of small pearly teeth peeped forth, in whiteness vying with the purest ivory. His nose was of a Grecian style, small and elegantly cut. His hair was black, long, and glossy, falling loosely over his shoulders. Hannah gazed at this retired stranger with a sense of admiration and astonishment. Never before had she seen so sad and yet so lovely a face. Its beauty was unearthly, reminding her of the ideal—of sweet dreams—of a faint mirror of heaven—of a thought of love faintly visible through the pale light of the moon."

"Could any one have looked into Edgar's face at that moment, he might have seen and read in its calm, fixed, and immovable lines that peculiar look, which, in its want of expression, reminds one of a pale and sickly candle-light, or of a faint shadow of midnight seen through the color of morn. It was not despair—it seemed rather a passion that was deprived of its intensity and violence without having lost that depression which utterly stupefies and benumbs the senses, that could be traced in every lineament of his face. It was equanimity, seen through the light of extinguished hopes. It was exhaustion, seen through the mirror of receded misery."

This beautiful and pensive youth keeps a diary, with an extract from which we close our notice:

"Thursday, March 11.—Went to the office and attended to my duties. Found a letter from Mr. Clark; he accepted my poem; desires me to compose others for him; will pay me two dollars and fifty cents for every one accepted by him. Answered him, complying with his wish. How happy I feel! Can compose four a month. Will net me ten dollars. . . . Came home to supper. Told my parents of my engagement with Clark. Mother kissed me and father fondly gazed at me. Peace! peace! peace! Our dwelling is the home of peace. . . . Came home; gave a lesson to Ruth. Spoke to my father and mother until they retired. Commenced a new poem—wrote till twelve."

Folly as it Flies: Hit at by Fanny Fern. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1863.)—Fanny Fern is a little too apt to indulge in slang, and treads dangerously near the borders of vulgarity; but she does not, on the

whole, compare unfavorably with the rest of the small social philosophers. Strip off from the thought of any of them the husk of it—the literary expression—and she really differs in no essential respect from any half-dozen one could name of the more celebrated or respected platitudinarian moralists. And from the fact of her being actually a woman, and healthy, and not given to sentimentalizing, her style gains a certain freshness, which is pleasanter than the prosiness and the unctious and the general deadly dullness which mark others of her school who, by virtue of some inexplicable freak of nature, are women—old women—only mentally.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.	Publishers.—Price.
Black's General Atlas of the World, edition for America.	(John Wiley & Son)
Brooks (S.), The Gordian Knot: a Tale	(Roberts Bros.)
Chaplin (T.), Lessons in Political Economy	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)
Comer's Navigation Simplified	(Harper & Bros.)
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Cronise (T. F.), Natural Wealth of California	(H. H. Bancroft & Co.) \$ 6 00
Hecker (J.), Scientific Basis of Education	(A. S. Barnes & Co.)
Hittell (J. S.), The Resources of California	(A. Roman & Co.)
Jenkin (C.), A Psyche of To-day: a Tale	(Leybold & Holt) 1 25
Kolb (G. F.), Culturgeschichte der Menschheit, Part 1, swd.	(L. W. Schmidt)
Macgregor (A. L.), John Ward's Governess: a Tale	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Major (R. H.), Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator.	(John Wiley & Son)
Meunier (Mme. H.), Le Docteur au Village	(F. W. Christern)
Packard (Dr. A. S., Jr.), Guide to the Study of Insects, Part 2, swd.	(Essex Inst.) 0 50
Pictorial History of the Rebellion, Vol. II, and last.	(Harper & Bros.) 6 00
Ravenstein (E. G.), and Hulley (J.), Handbook of Gymnastics and Athletics.	(John Wiley & Son)
Stephens (A. H.), Constitutional View of the late War between the States, Vol. I.	(National Pub. Co.)
The Art Journal, August, swd.	(Virtue & Yonston) 1 25
Theory of the Universe	(P. S. Wynkoop & Son)
Webster (N.), Academic Dictionary	(Iverson, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.) 2 25
High School Dictionary	" " " 1 25
Common School Dictionary	" " " 0 95
Primary School Dictionary	" " " 0 63
Pocket Dictionary	" " " 1 00
Army and Navy Pocket Dictionary,	" " " 1 00

Fine Arts.

PORTRAITS OF GRANT.

THE personal presence of the general of the army corresponds very well with the regard in which he is held by the sounder portion of the community. All through the war the photographs of the leaders were very entertaining study, and Grant's portrait, when it first appeared as the likeness of a Western officer who could strike hard and who knew how to choose his time to strike, was as interesting as any one. It contrasted sharply enough with some of the pictures of earlier heroes. Most of them were troubled with self-consciousness, and prancing and ambling in various attitudes, with which their carefully posed faces did not harmonize. They were also exhibited alone, seated but erect in body, looking off to the right, looking off to the left, grasping spyglasses, girded about with sword-belts; they were displayed standing with their staffs (if that is the right plural) around them, with one leg a little bent or "sprung" as *Punch* has it, with tents in the background, with intrenchments in the background, with field-batteries or siege-trains in the background. There were exceptional single portraits which could be enjoyed and which we still enjoy; but, classing roughly together the heads and the accessories, the outlook was not bright for a couple of years after the great Wigfall had taken Sumter. Perhaps it is rash to prophesy boldly from the "cut of the jib" of any public man; but prophecies after the fact were very well warranted by the faces of the great leaders of Red River expeditions and Manassas campaigns. So when experience had begun to do its work, and officers who had better than anticipatory fame took the places of the figure-heads, it was pleasant to a loyal and still hopeful community to see their business-like countenances. And Grant's quiet face, while it would not justify many men in confident prognostications of success of the cause, was found to agree very well with some interesting passages in his recent record, and comforted us all during the dark days of the long campaign against Vicksburg.

Since that time portraits of Grant have multiplied in the land, and they differ less among themselves than the different likenesses of most men. The expression changes but little from day to day. It is that of a man of firmness and self-possession; and a certain greatness of soul shows in it which we would call magnanimity, if that word were not Latin and long. As we have said, prophetic insight is not common. It would be unwise to build upon any man's face too solid a fabric of inference as to his future; but at this time it is interesting to trace in Grant's face his past career, and, believing him just the best man now in public life to make a President of, to find confirmation of that opinion in his outward aspect.

Of the different portraits of the General, photographs being excluded, we find the most satisfactory to be (*mirabile dictu*) a chromolith, published by—we know not what house. It is not remarkable as a piece of litho-

chromy, but has caught the right expression wonderfully well, and is fairly good as a work of art. Of other portraits, the two of most importance are large engravings—one of head and shoulders, the other more nearly a half-length—the one engraved by Mr. W. E. Marshall, from his own drawing, the other engraved by Mr. H. Gugler, after a drawing by Mr. J. H. Littlefield; the one published and sent to us by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the other by Mr. Littlefield himself. The Littlefield portrait is the better engraving of the two, for Mr. Marshall's work has all that coarseness and want of delicate meaning in the lines which was objectionable in his portrait of Lincoln. Mr. Gugler's work is better done—is indeed unusually soft and brilliant for a modern engraving in line. And as regards the im-

portant question of truth of portraiture, while it would be impossible, in the case of two good likenesses, for any person but an intimate friend, who should be also a close observer, to decide absolutely upon the best, no such difficult question, it is evident, has place here. The Marshall portrait, if an ideal head, would be a poorly imagined one; as a portrait, it is a poorly rendered one. We are speaking wholly of the engraving; its badness as an engraving has much to do with the expressionless character of the face which looks out of it; the painting may have been a good likeness, but as published it is not a portrait head at all in the best sense.

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